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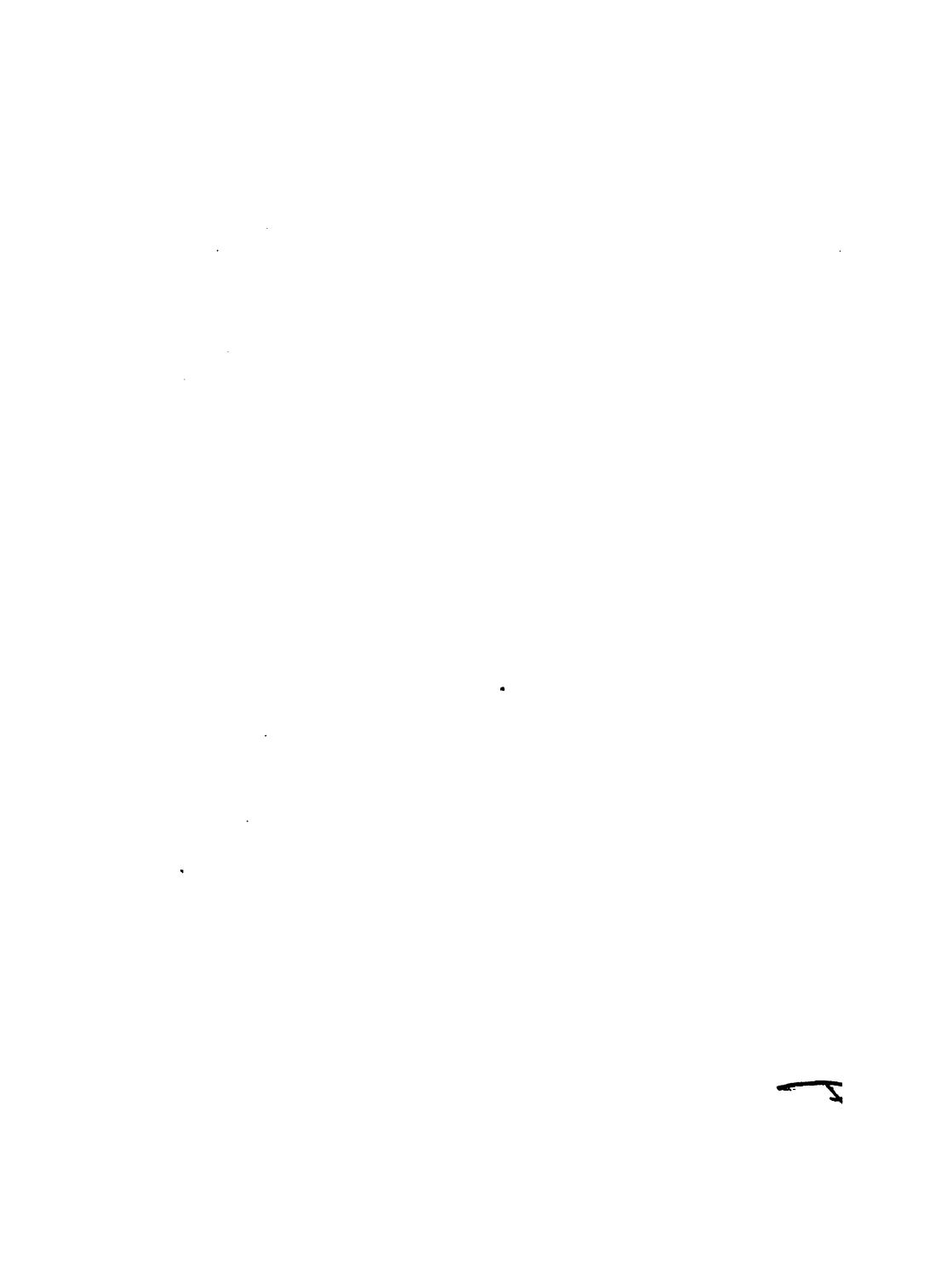
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A FOREWORD



F all the arguments which have been offered in favor of the belief in a future life it is doubtful whether any carries greater conviction than the fact that an instinctive intuition of immortality seems to be the common heritage of mankind. In a word, the belief itself is its own best evidence. Emerson voices this feeling in the sentence, "I am a better believer and all serious souls are better believers in the immortality than we can give grounds for. The real evidence is too subtle or is higher than we can write down, and therefore Wordsworth's Ode is the best modern essay on immortality"; and in another passage he proclaims that "our dissatisfaction with any other solution is the blazing evidence of immortality."

*I*t is in this spirit that this simple anthology has been gathered and arranged, and it has seemed fitting to borrow Wordsworth's noble title which so correctly indicates the scope of the book. It does not undertake to prove the belief which it expresses, but it does aim, by garnering the significant utterances of a multitude of witnesses, to give reassurance and encouragement to this irrepressible hope that is common to us.

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To a scientist who asked of Walt Whitman if he believed that immortality would ever be proved, the old poet replied, "Proved — in reality proved: yes. Proved as you understand proved: no. There are certain sorts of truths that may yield their own sort of evidences. Immortality is not speculative — it does not come in response to investigation — it does not give its secret up to the chemist. Immortality is revelation: it flashes itself upon your consciousness out of God knows what."

The purpose of this volume, therefore, is not to try to present an orderly, rhetorical argument for any theory of immortality, but to bring before the reader a composite picture, as it were of the spiritual intuitions of mankind through the ages. And in the comparison of the multiplicity of opinions thus brought together, not the least interesting feature will be to observe how the same basic thought finds its expression varied in transmission through different minds and how it has been affected by limitations of environment, mental training, or the general spirit of the epoch in which it has found utterance; as, indeed, the white light of the sun passing through a cathedral window floods the aisles with the most richly varied hues, which all unite to dispel darkness.

It has not been the compiler's intention to select only the unqualified assents to any particular idea of immortality. More or less inherent in all human faith is the element of doubt; perhaps never better exemplified than by these lines, written not by a

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sceptic, but by Whitman, the poet who of all others has uttered the most confident affirmations of eternal life:

*“ Yet, yet, ye downcast hours, I know ye also,
Weights of lead, how ye clog and cling at my ankles,
Earth to a chamber of mourning turns — I hear the o'er-
weening, mocking voice,
‘ Matter is conqueror — matter, triumphant only, continues
onward.’ ”*

If these doubtful voices are few in relation to the affirmative testimonies, it is not because there has been any conscious attempt toward their suppression, but rather in order that the ensemble may approximate the general tone of the mind of humanity, which is overwhelmingly affirmative in its outlook toward “the life beyond.”

About the arrangement of the material in this volume little need be said. The starting-point is very naturally found in the primitive elemental scriptures of mankind, which voice their beliefs with sublime dogmatic assurance; and the fitting conclusion is in the inspirational illumination of the poet’s vision. Marshalled between these poles appear the speculations of philosophers, ancient and modern; the more or less evasive obiter dicta of scientists; and the teachings of the Church through its various eras and creeds. The extracts in each section are grouped in approximately chronological order; partially, perhaps, following the line of least resistance in an attempt toward some consistent scheme of arrangement, but also with the hope that

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in this way some idea may be gained of the evolution of the expression of the belief in immortality. It must, however, be frankly admitted that it is only in the most general way that this evolution can be traced, since to no one age or school belongs the clearest perception of the doctrine, but rather to the most spiritually illumined, who appear here and there towering above the rank and file without regard to arbitrary divisions either of time or of geography.

LAURENS MAYNARD.

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I

FROM THE BIBLES OF HUMANITY

PASSAGE indeed O Soul to primal thought,
Not lands and seas alone, thy own clear
freshness,
The young maturity of brood and bloom,
To realms of budding bibles

O Soul repressless, I with thee and thou with me,
Thy circumnavigation of the world begin,
Of man, the voyage of his mind's return,
To reason's early paradise,
Back, back to Wisdom's birth, to innocent intuitions
Again with fair creation.

Walt Whitman.

CITY OF NEW YORK.
I. FROM THE BIBLES
OF HUMANITY



HE soul lives after the body dies. The soul passes through the gate; he makes a way in the darkness to his Father. He has pierced the heart of evil, to do the things of his Father. He has come a prepared Spirit. He says: Hail thou Self-Created! Do not turn me away. I am one of thy types on earth. I have not done evil against any man; I have not been idle; I have not made any to weep; I have not murdered; I have not defrauded; I have not committed adultery.

The Judge of the Dead answers

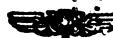
Let the soul pass on. He is without sin; he lives upon truth. He has made his delight in doing what men say and what the gods wish. He has given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked. His lips are pure and his hands are pure. His heart weighs right in the balance. The departed fought on earth the battle of the good gods, as his Father, the Lord of the Invisible World, had commanded him. O God, the protector of him who has brought his cry unto thee, make it well with him in the world of Spirits!

*From the Egyptian Book of the Dead.
Papyrus manuscript found in ancient tombs.*

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

WHERE is light inexhaustible; in the world where is placed the shining sky; set me in this immortal, unending world, O thou that purifiest thyself. Where is King, the son of Vivasvant, and the paradise of the sky; where are the flowing waters; there make me immortal. Where one can go as he will, in the third heaven, the third vault of the sky; where are worlds full of light, there make me immortal. Where are wishes and desires and the red [sun]'s highest place; where one can follow his own habits and have satisfaction, there make me immortal. Where exists delight, joy, rejoicing, and joyance; where wishes are obtained, there make me immortal.

A Hymn from The Rig Veda.



THE strong heroes, born together and nourished together, have further grown to real beauty. They shine brilliantly like the rays of the sun; when they went in triumph the chariots followed.

Your greatness, O maruts, is to be honored; it is to be yearned for like the sight of the sun. Place us also in immortality; when they went in triumph the chariots followed.

O maruts, strong and wise, with sun-bright skins, I choose the sacrifice for you here and there. We sacrifice to Tryambaka, the sweet-scented, wealth-increasing. May I be detached

FROM THE BIBLES OF HUMANITY

from death like a gourd from its stem, but not from immortality.

From Vedic Hymns to the Maruts (storm gods).



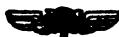
May Vâta waft medicine, healthful, delightful to our heart; may he prolong our lives!

Thou, O Vâta, from that treasure of immortality which is placed in thy house yonder, give us to live.



The God of the Dead waits enthroned in immortal light to welcome the good into his kingdom of joy; to the homes he had gone to prepare for them where the One Being dwells beyond the stars.

From The Vedas.



MAN is born alone, dies alone, and alone is rewarded for his good deeds or chastised for his wickednesses.

So soon as his mortal remains have been given over to the fire or the earth, like a log or a piece of clay, the relations leave him, but virtue follows his soul.



But the heavenly dwelling is to be won only by meditation on the divine Essence. Even as the tree fallen in the river follows the stream which sweeps it along; even as the bird spurns its nest

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

and soars to the skies, so shall the soul soar to the dwelling of Brahma, casting aside its perishable raiment.

From the Laws of Manu.



INDRA said: I am *prana*, meditate on me as the conscious self, as life, as immortality. Life is *prana*, *prana* is life. Immortality is *prana*, *prana* is immortality. As long as *prana* dwells in this body, so long surely there is life. By *prana* he obtains immortality in the other world, by knowledge of true conception. He who meditates on me as life and immortality, gains his full life in this world, and obtains in the *Svarga* world immortality and indestructibility.

From the Kaushitaki-Upanishad.



AS people who do not know the country, walk again and again over a gold treasure that has been hidden somewhere in the earth, and do not discover it, thus do all these creatures day after day go into the Brahma-world; they are merged in Brahman while asleep, and yet do not discover the true Self in Brahman, dwelling in the heart.

Now that serene being which, after having risen from out this earthly body and having reached the

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highest light, appears in its true form, that is the Self. This is the immortal, the fearless; this is Brahman. And of that Brahman the name is the True, *Sat�am*.

From the Chandogya-Upanishad.



BY the Self we obtain strength, by knowledge we obtain immortality.

If a man know it here, that is the true end of life; if he does not know this here, then there is great destruction (new births). The wise, who have thought on all things and recognized the Self in them, become immortal when they have departed from this world.

From the Talavakāra-Upanishad.



THE immortal dwells with the mortal,—for through him (the breath) all this dwells together, the bodies being clearly mortal; but this being (the breath) is immortal.

These two (body and breath) go forever in different directions: the breath moving the senses of the body, the body supporting the senses of the breath; the former going upwards to another world, the body dying and remaining on earth. They increase the one (the body), but they do not

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

increase the other; *i. e.*, they increase these bodies (by food), but this being (breath) is immortal.

He who knows this becomes immortal in that world, and is seen as immortal by all beings; yea, by all beings.

From the Aitareya-Āranyaka.



BECAUSE, my boy, in innocence, by wicked deed thou hast been slain,
Rise, where the heroes dwell, who thence ne'er stoop to this dark world again.
Those that to earth return no more, the sense-subdued, the hermits wise,
Priests their sage masters that adore, to their eternal seats arise.
Those that have studied to the last the Veda's, the Vedanga's page,
Where saintly kings of earth have passed, Nahusa's and Yayate sage;
The sires of holy families, the true to wedlock's sacred vow;
And those that cattle, gold, or rice, or lands, with liberal hands bestow,
That ope th' asylum to th' oppressed, that ever love, and speak the truth;
Up to the dwellings of the blest, th' eternal, soar thou, best-loved youth.
For none of such a holy race within the lowest seat may dwell;

FROM THE BIBLES OF HUMANITY

But that will be his fatal place by whom my only offspring fell.

*From the Râmâyana.
Dean Milman's Translation.*



THE God replied: "In Heaven thou shalt see
Thy kinsmen and the Queen — these will
attain —

And Krishna. Grieve no longer for thy dead,
Thou chief of men! their mortal coverings stripped
These have their places.

*From the Marâ-Bhârata.
Translation by Sir Edwin Arnold.*



THE soul is the principle of life, which the Sovereign Wisdom employed to animate bodies. Matter is inert and perishable. The soul thinks, acts, and is immortal. . . . There is another invisible, eternal existence, superior to this visible one, which does not perish when all things perish. Those who attain to this never return.

From the Bhagavad-Gita.



KRISHNA said: —

All that doth live, lives always! To man's frame
As there come infancy and youth and age,
So come there raisings-up and layings-down

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Of other and of other life-abodes,
Which the wise know, and fear not.

This that irks thy sense-life, thrilling to the
elements —

Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys,
'T is brief and mutable! Bear with it, Prince!
As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved,
The soul that with a strong and constant calm
Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
Lives in the life undying!

That which is can never cease to be;
That which is not will not exist.

To see this truth of both
Is theirs who part essence from accident,
Substance from shadow. Indestructible,
Learn thou! the life is,
Spreading life through all;
It cannot anywhere, by any means,
Be anywise diminished, stayed, or changed.

* * * *

He who shall say, "Lo! I have slain a man!"
He who shall think, "Lo! I am slain!"

Those both know naught! Life cannot slay,
Life is not slain!

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to
be never;

Never was the time it was not; end and beginning
are dreams!

Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth
the spirit forever;

FROM THE BIBLES OF HUMANITY

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!

Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,
Immortal, indestructible, — shall such

Say, “ I have killed a man, or caused to kill? ”
Nay, but as when one layeth

His worn-out robes away,
And taking new ones, sayeth,

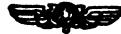
“ These will I wear to-day! ”
So putteth by the spirit

Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit

A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the life,
Flame burns it not, waters cannot o'erwhelm,
Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,
Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,
Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure,
Invisible, ineffable, by word
And thought uncompassed, ever all itself,
Thus is the soul declared!

*From the Bhagavad-Gita.
Paraphrased by Sir Edwin Arnold.*



THE soul is a bright fire, and by the power of the Father remains immortal and is mistress of life.

Zoroaster.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

HEAVEN is lofty, exalted, and supreme, most brilliant, most fragrant, and most pure, most [supplied with] beautiful existences, most desirable, and most good, and the place and abode of the sacred beings. And in it are all comfort, pleasure, joy, happiness, and welfare, more and better even than the greatest and supremest welfare and pleasure in the world; and there is no want, pain, distress, or discomfort whatever in it; and its pleasantness and the welfare of the angels are from that constantly beneficial place, the full and undiminishable space, the good and boundless world.

And the freedom of the heavenly, from danger, from evil in heaven is like unto their freedom from disturbance, and the coming of the good angels is like unto the heavenly one's own good works provided. This prosperity and welfare of the spiritual existence is more than that of the world, as much as that which is unlimited and everlasting is more than that which is limited and demoniacal.

The man who has constantly contended against evil, morally and physically, outwardly and inwardly, may fearlessly meet death; well assured that radiant Spirits will lead him across the luminous bridge into a paradise of eternal happiness. . . . Souls risen from the graves will know each other, and say, That is my father or my brother, my wife or my sister. The wicked will say to the good, Wherfore, when I was in the world, did

FROM THE BIBLES OF HUMANITY

you not teach me to act righteously? O ye pure ones, it is because you did not instruct me that I am excluded from the assembly of the blest.

From the Zend Avesta.



HE sacrificed to the dead, as if they were present. He sacrificed to the spirits, as if the spirits were present.

The Master said, "I consider my not being present at the sacrifice, as if I did not sacrifice.

Confucius.

From the Analects.

Hence to entire sincerity then belongs ceaselessness . . . so large and substantial, the individual possessing it is the co-equal of Earth. So high and brilliant, it makes him the co-equal of Heaven. So far-reaching and long-continuing, it makes him infinite.

* * * * *

The Master said, "How abundantly do spiritual beings display the powers that belong to them!"

We look for them but do not see them; we listen to, but do not hear them; yet they enter into all things, and there is nothing without them.

Confucius.

From the Doctrine of the Mean.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

THEY [the spirits of ancestors] are everywhere, above us, to right, to left, and they encompass us on all sides. These spirits, however, for all that they are subtle and imperceptible, make themselves manifest in the corporeal forms of being. But by the very nature of their essence, they cannot manifest themselves independently under any real form whatever.

Confucius.

From the Yih-King.



THE evil-doer mourns in this world, and he will mourn in the next world: in both worlds hath he sorrow. He grieves, he is tormented, seeing the evil of his deeds.

The virtuous man rejoices in this world, and he will rejoice in another world: in both worlds hath he joy. He rejoices, he exults, seeing the virtue of his deeds.

As kindred, friends, and dear ones salute him who hath travelled far and returned home safe, so will good deeds welcome him who goes from this world and enters another.

From the Dhammapada of Gautama the Buddha.



LOOKING through all the conditions of life, from first to last nought is free from destruc-

FROM THE BIBLES OF HUMANITY

tion. But the incomparable seer dwelling in the world, thoroughly acquainted with the highest truth, whose wisdom grasps that which is beyond the world's ken, he it is who can save the worldly-dwellers. He it is who can provide lasting escape from the destructive power of impermanence.

* * * *

The power of birth and death destroyed, the world instructed in the highest doctrine, he (Buddha) bids the world rejoice in knowledge of the law, and gives to all the benefit of wisdom! Giving complete rest to the world, the virtuous streams flow forth! . . .

Having himself severed the barriers of sorrow, now he is able to save his followers, and to provide the draught of immortality for all who are parched with thirst!

From the Life of Buddha.



THE soul is not born; it does not die. It was not produced from any one, nor was any produced from it. Unborn, eternal, it is not slain though the body is slain. Subtler than what is subtle, greater than what is great; sitting, it goes far; sleeping, it goes everywhere. Thinking of the soul as un bodily among bodies, and firm among fleeting things, the wise man casts off all grief.

From the Buddhist Scriptures.

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From the Buddhist Scriptures.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

THE effect of water poured on the root of a tree is seen aloft in the branches and fruit; so in the next world are seen the effects of good deeds performed here.

From the Buddhist Scriptures; Siam.



THERE are treasures laid up in the heart — treasures of charity, piety, temperance, and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when he leaves this world.

From the Buddhist Scriptures; Ceylon.



MAN never dies. The soul inhabits the body for a time, and leaves it again. The soul is myself; the body is only my dwelling-place. Birth is not birth; there is a soul already existent when the body comes to it. Death is not death; the soul merely departs, and the body falls. It is because men see only their bodies, that they love life and hate death.

From the Buddhist Scriptures; China.



KNOW ye that this world's life is a cheat; the multiplying of riches and children is like the plants that spring up after rain, rejoicing the hus-

FROM THE BIBLES OF HUMANITY

bandman, then turn yellow and wither away. In the next life is severe chastisement, or else pardon from God and His peace.

He is it who made the sun for a brightness and the moon for a light. . . . Verily, in the alternation of night and day, and in what God has created of the heavens and the earth, are signs unto a people who do fear. . . . Verily, those who believe and do what is right, their Lord guides them by their faith; beneath them shall rivers flow in the gardens of pleasure.

By the brightness of the morning, and by the night, when it groweth dark, thy Lord hath not forsaken thee, neither doth he hate thee. Verily, the life to come shall be better for thee than the present life; and thy Lord shall give thee a reward wherewith thou shalt be well pleased.

Did he not find thee an orphan, and hath he not taken care of thee? And did he not find thee wandering in error, and hath he not guided thee into the truth? And did he not enrich thee? Wherefore oppress not the orphan, neither repulse the beggar, but declare the goodness of thy Lord.

From the Koran of Mohammed.



FOR I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:

Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.

From the Book of Job.



I WILL ransom them from the power of the grave;
I will redeem them from death: O death, I will
be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction.

From the Prophecy of Hosea.



AND many of them that sleep in the dust of
the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life,
and some to shame and everlasting contempt,

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness
of the firmament; and they that turn many
to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.

From the Book of Daniel.



BUT as touching the resurrection of the dead,
have ye not read that which was spoken unto
you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham,



FROM THE BIBLES OF HUMANITY

and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

The words of Jesus to the Sadducees.

From the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

AND he said unto them, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake,

Who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.

The words of Jesus.

From the Gospel according to St. Luke.

JESUS answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again:

But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

* * * *

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

* * * *

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day.

* * * *

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

* * * *

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. . . .

Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

The words of Jesus.

From the Gospel according to St. John.



FOR God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

St. John.

FROM THE BIBLES OF HUMANITY

BUT some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:

And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:

But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. . . .

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. . . .

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. . . .

Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. . . .

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

St. Paul.

From the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

St. Paul.

From the Epistle to the Romans.



For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

St. Paul.

From the Epistle to the Galatians.



AND God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.



And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever.



FROM THE BIBLES OF HUMANITY

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

From the Revelation of St. John the Divine.





II

THE TESTIMONY OF THE ANCIENTS

*GOD that made the world and all things therein,
... hath made of one blood all nations of men
for to dwell on the face of the earth and hath
determined the times before appointed, and the
bounds of their habitation; that they should seek
the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and
find him, though he be not far from every one of us.*

St. Paul to the Athenians.

II. THE TESTIMONY OF THE ANCIENTS



HE man who is departing in glory, may his soul shine radiant as brass.

Bind the sick man to heaven, for from earth he is being torn away.

Of the brave man who was so strong, his strength is departed.

May the Sun, greatest of gods, receive his soul unto his holy hands.

Assyrian Cuneiform Inscriptions.



MAY thy soul attain to the Creator of all mankind. . . . These have found grace in the eyes of the Great God. They dwell in the abodes of glory, where the heavenly life is led. The bodies which they have abandoned will repose forever in their tombs, while they will enjoy the presence of the Great God.

Writing from an Egyptian Tomb.
About 2000 B. C.



REMEMBER the journey's end while you travel. When the souls return to the light, they wear upon their ethereal body, like hideous scars,

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all the sins of their lives, and to wash them away they must go back to earth. But the strong and the pure depart to the sun of Dionysus.

From the Orphic Hymns.



WRAPPED in fluid-like envelopes rendering them invisible, the souls of the righteous wander over the earth wielding their regal powers. They mark the good and evil deeds, and they extend their special protection to such as they have loved in life. As to the souls of the wicked, they are held in Tartarus, where they are punished by the ever-present memory of the crimes which they committed.

Hesiod.



DEATH does not differ at all from life.

Thales.



TO one who said to Anaxagoras, "Hast thou no regard for thy fatherland?" "Softly," said he, "I have great regard for my fatherland," pointing to heaven.

Related by Diogenes Laertius.

TESTIMONY OF THE ANCIENTS

THE soul of man is an incorruptible substance,
 apt to receive either joy or pain, both here and
elsewhere.

Solon.



DYING, thou art not dead! thou art gone to a
 happier country,
And in the isles of the blest thou rejoicest, . . . and
 thou shalt not
Hunger or thirst any more; but unholpen of men
 and unheedful,
Spotless and fearless of sin, thou exultest in view
 of Olympus;
Yea, and thy gods are thy light, and their glory
 is ever upon thee.

From the Greek Anthology.

Translated by Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache.



Diogenes, whose tub stood by the road,
Now, being dead, has the stars for his abode.

From the Greek Anthology.



WHEN thou shalt have laid aside thy body,
 thou shalt rise, freed from mortality, and
become a god of the kindly skies.

Pythagoras.

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MOTHER, leave thy grief, remembering the soul which Zeus has rendered immortal and undecaying to me for all time, and has carried now into the starry sky.

Greek Epitaph
on a Daughter's Grave.



MY child, the consuming fire of the funeral pile quells not the spirit of the dead, but in after times he shows his math. The dead is bewailed, and he who wrongs him is discovered.

Aeschylus.



AN honorable, virtuous man may rest assured as to his future fate. The souls of the lawless, departing from this life, suffer punishment. . . . But the good lead a life without a tear among those honored by the gods for having always delighted in virtue.

Pindar.



MY body must descend to the place ordained, but my soul will not descend: being a thing immortal, it will ascend on high, where it will enter a heavenly abode.

Heraclitus.

TESTIMONY OF THE ANCIENTS

NOT to know that one becomes immortal is to be given over to error and all sorts of calamities.

Lao-Tsze.



THREE is no absorption of the individuality into the tâo, because individuality is not entirely perishable.

Si Haei (*Disciple of Lao-Tsze*).



Each various part
That constitutes the frame of man, returns
Whence it was taken; to th' ethereal sky
The spirit, the body to its earth.

Euripides.



THE soul which cannot die, merits all the moral and intellectual improvement we can possibly give it. A Spirit, formed to live forever, should be making continual advances in virtue and wisdom. A well-cultivated mind regards the body merely as a temporary prison. At death, such a soul is conducted by its invisible guardian to the heights of heavenly felicity, where it becomes the associate of the wise and good of all ages.



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It would be wrong for me not to be grieved to die, if I did not think I should go to wise and good deities, and dwell with men who have departed from this life, and are better than any who are here. That I shall go to deities who are perfectly good, I can assert positively, if I can assert anything of the kind. And be assured . . . that I entertain a good hope that something awaits those who die, and that it will be better for the good than for the evil, as has been said long since.

There can no evil befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead.

He who fulfils his duty here on earth with Constancy, despite all difficulties, and who bears all adversities with resignation to the Divine will, must enjoy the reward of his virtues hereafter.

Socrates.



I FOR my part, my dear children, can never be quite persuaded that the soul only lives so long as it inhabits this mortal body, and dies when it is separated from it. Nor have I been able to take for granted that the soul loses its power of thought when it is separated from the body, which certainly cannot think. At the very moment when the spirit is set free, unalloyed and pure, will it not naturally also become more intelligent? . . . Remember, too,

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that nothing so resembles man's death as his sleep. In it the soul of man appears to be the most divine; then it sees much of what is future, then it becomes apparently most free.

Xenophon.

The words of the dying King Cyrus.



LET men fear in the first place the gods above; next, the souls of the dead, to whom in the course of nature it belongs to have a care of their offspring.

If, then, all which is the source of its own motion, is soul, assuredly the soul can have neither commencement nor termination.

The soul of each of us is an immortal Spirit, and goes to other immortals to give an account of its actions. . . .

Can the soul be destroyed? No. But if in this present life it has shunned being governed by the body, and has governed itself within itself, and has separated from the body in a pure state, taking nothing sensual away with it, does it not then depart to that which resembles itself, — to the invisible, the divine, the wise, the immortal?

Those who have lived a holy life, when they are freed from this earth, and set at large, as it were

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from a prison, will arrive at a pure abode above, and live without bodies through all future time. They will arrive at habitations more beautiful than it is easy to describe.

Plato.



NOW then, if it is as has been said, you must then plainly acknowledge that the body can neither see nor hear nor comprehend anything without the power of the soul which dwells in it during life: but the body itself, which has a longing for eating and drinking, and for amusements, is a hindrance to the soul to acquire the great preferences. When the soul separates from the body, however, it parts with that which prevented its perfection.

Hence you who maintain to be wise and learned, who despise all earthly pleasures as you are obliged to do, why do you fear and recoil at death? If the root is already agreeable to you how much more so must be the fruit?

Happy is the soul which has not contaminated itself and which comprehends its Creator, for it returns to the place of its origin, joyful and blissful.

Aristotle.



THE body is our dwelling-place and the soul the immortal guest which lodges there.

Mencius.

TESTIMONY OF THE ANCIENTS

DOST thou think that the dead who have enjoyed the good things of this life have escaped the notice of the Divinity, as if they were forgotten? Nay, there is an eye of Justice which sees all things; for we believe that there are two roads to the lower regions,— one for the just and one for the impious. For if the just and the impious are to have one and the same road, and if the grave covers them both forever, then thou mayest do every mischief thou choosest; yet do not be mistaken, for there is a place of judgment below, which God the Lord of all shall occupy, whose name is terrible, and which I dare not utter.

Philemon.



DEATH is the commencement of life.

Chuang-Tsze.

WHEN the master came, it was at the proper time; when he went away, it was the simple sequence of his coming. Quiet acquiescence in what happens at its proper time, quietly submitting to its sequence, afford no occasion for grief or for joy. The ancients described death as the loosing of the cord on which God suspended the life. What we can point to are the faggots that have been consumed; but the fire is transmitted elsewhere, and we know not that it is over and ended.

Chuang-Tsze.

On the death of Lao-Tsze.

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OH, glorious day, when I shall remove from this confused crowd to join the divine assembly of souls! For I shall go not only to meet great men, but also my own son Cato. His spirit, looking back upon me, departed to that place whither he knew that I should soon come; and he has never deserted me. If I have borne his loss with courage, it is that I consoled myself with the thought that our separation would not be for long.

*Attributed by Cicero to
Cato the Elder.*



THERE is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discernible in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

If a life of happiness is to end, it cannot be called a happy life. . . . Take away eternity, and Jupiter is not better off than Epicurus.

What signify descendants, a famous name, the adoption of children, solicitude about the disposal of money, monuments on graves, panegyrics on the dead, if we do not think of the future?

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Know that it is not thou, but thy body alone which is mortal. The individual in his entirety resides in the soul and not in the outward form. Learn, then, that thou art a god; thou, the immortal intelligence which gives movement to a perishable body, just as the eternal God animates an incorruptible body.

Cicero.



IT makes not the least difference to a man, when immortal death has ended his mortal life, that he was ever born at all.

Lucretius.



LIFE of the Gods shall be his, to behold, with Gods in their might,
Heroes immortal mingled, appear himself in their sight.

From the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil.

Sir Charles Bowen's translation.



THE earth conceals the flesh; the shade flits round the tomb; the underworld receives the image; the spirit seeks the stars.



O race of man, affrighted by the thoughts of cold death! What do you find to dread in Styx,

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the darkness of the grave, all an empty name, mere themes for poets, and fables of a world that never was! Whether the body be consumed by fire or moulder away in the ground, think not that it suffers. It is the soul that is undying, which, when it has left its former habitation, dwells forever in new abodes, and repeats new life in other forms.

Ovid.



IS there a doubt that a God dwells in our breast,
and that souls return to heaven and reach it?

Manilius.



IT is childish to go out of the world groaning and wailing, as we came into it. Our bodies must perish, as being only the covering of the soul. We shall then discover the secrets of nature: the darkness shall be dispersed, and our souls irradiated with light and glory—a glory without a shadow; a glory that shall surround us, and from whence we shall look down and see day and night beneath us. If we cannot lift up our eyes toward the lamp of heaven without dazzling, what shall we do when we come to behold the divine light in its illustrious original? That death which we so much dread, and decline, is not a termination, but the intermission of a life which will return again.



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This life is only a prelude to eternity, where we are to expect a new life, and another state of things. We have no prospect of heaven here, but at a distance: let us therefore expect our last and appointed hour with courage. The last (I say) to our bodies, but not to our minds. Our luggage we must leave behind us, and return as naked out of the world as we came to it. The day which we fear as our last is but the birthday of our eternity, and it is the only way to it so that what we fear as a rock proves to be but a port — in many cases to be desired, never to be refused; and he that dies young has made only a quick voyage of it.

The day will come that shall separate this compound of the human and divine in me. My body I shall then leave where I found it; my real self I shall restore to the Gods, with whom I have conversation even here amid the enthrallment of my earthly prison-house. This span of mortal life is but a prelude to a better and longer existence.

Seneca.



MAN'S bodily form is made from the ground, the soul from no created thing, but from the Father of all; so that, although man is mortal as to his body he is immortal as to his mind.

Philo Judæus.

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YE deem that the shades are not interred in Erebus' dark realm, but that the soul returns to people other bodies in new worlds. The same soul rules other limbs in other worlds. If that which your hymns sing is truth, death is but an interlude in a long life.

But his soul was not laid in ashes at Pharos, nor could a little heap of dust contain so great a shade; it leapt from the pyre, and . . . sprung toward the vaulted throne of the Thunderer. . . . After he had feasted himself on the pure light, and admired the wandering planets and pole-fixed stars, he beheld the mist of darkness that enfolds our brightest days and mocked the farce called death, in which his own maimed body lay.

Lucan.



NOT by lamentations and mournful chants ought we to celebrate the funeral of a good man, but by hymns; for in ceasing to be numbered with mortals, he enters upon the heritage of a diviner life.

Can we think that God so little considers his own actions, or is such a waster of his time in trifles, that if we had nothing of divine within us, . . . nothing permanent and stable, but were only poor creatures that (according to Homer's expression) faded and

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dropped like withered leaves, and in a short time too, yet he should make so great account of us . . . as to create us souls to blossom and flourish only for a day in a soft and tender body of flesh, without any firm and solid root of life, and then to be blasted and extinguished in a moment upon every slight occasion? It is impious to declare that the human soul can die.

There is one and the same reason to confirm the providence of God and the immortality of the soul; neither is it possible to admit the one if you deny the other.

Plutarch.



IT is right then that we should turn our boldness against death, and our fearfulness against the fear of death. . . . What is death? A bugbear. Turn it round; examine it: see, it does not bite. Now or later that which is body must be parted from that which is spirit, as formerly it was parted. Why, then, hast thou indignation if it be now? for if it be not now, it will be later. And wherefore? That the cycle of the world may be fulfilled; for it hath need of a present and of a future and of a past. . . .

Shall I, then, exist no longer? Nay, thou shalt exist, but as something else, whereof the universe hath now need. For neither didst thou choose thine

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own time to come into existence, but when the universe had need of thee.



A bad man loses all in Death; but Virtue is eternal.

Epictetus.



EPICTETUS would have a man when he is kissing and caressing his child, say to himself at the same time: To-morrow perhaps you may die and leave me. These are words of evil omen, you will say. That is your mistake; the consequences of mortality and the course of nature are no ominous things to think on, otherwise it would be an ominous business to cut down a little grass or corn.

Grapes are first sour, then ripe, then raisins; these are all no more than bare alterations; not into nothing, but into something which does not appear at present.

Marcus Aurelius.



THE soul leaving the body becomes that power which it has most developed. Let us fly, then, from here below, and rise to the intellectual world, that we may not fall into a purely sensible life, by allowing ourselves to follow sensible images; or into a vegetative life, by abandoning ourselves to

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the pleasures of physical love and gluttony: let us rise, I say, to the intellectual world, to intelligence, to God himself.

Plotinus.



THIS very thing which the multitude call death is the birth of a new life, and the beginning of immortality.

Maximus Tyrius.



GOD hath formed heaven and earth, and the air, and all things thereunto belonging. And what is more, he hath made man, and given him a soul which shall live and never perish, though the body shall have mouldered away, or have been burnt to ashes.

From the Elder Edda.



III

THE SPECULATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY

PHILosophy, when superficially studied, excites doubt; when thoroughly explored it dispels it.

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth of philosophy bringeth a man's mind about to religion.

The road to true philosophy is precisely the same with that which leads to true religion; and from both one and the other, unless we would enter in as little children, we must expect to be totally excluded.

Lord Bacon.

III. THE SPECULATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY



OME of the philosophers who were least divine denied generally the immortality of the soul, yet came to this point, that whatsoever motions the spirit of man could act and perform without the organs of the body might remain after death, which were only those of the understanding and not of the affections; so immortal and incorruptible a thing did knowledge seem to them to be.

Francis Bacon.



I regret not death; I am going to meet my friends in another world.

Ludovico Ariosto.



DEATH and love are the two wings which bear man from earth to heaven.

Michelangelo Buonarotti.



HE will be present in the body in such wise that the best part of himself will be absent from it, and will join himself by an indissoluble sacrament to divine things, in such a way that he will not

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fear either love or hatred of things mortal. Considering himself as the master, and that he ought not to be servant and slave to his body, which he would regard as only the prison which holds his liberty in confinement, the glue which smears his wings, chains which bind fast his hands, stocks which fix his feet, veil which hides his view. Let him not be servant, captive, ensnared, chained, idle, stolid, and blind; for the body which he himself abandons cannot tyrannize over him; so that thus, the spirit in a certain degree comes before him as the corporeal world, and matter is subject to the divinity and to nature. Thus will he become strong against fortune, magnanimous toward injuries, intrepid toward poverty, disease and persecution.

Giordano Bruno.



WE adorn graves with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in the Holy Scripture to those fading beauties whose roots, being buried in dishonor, rise again in glory.

John Evelyn.



I THANK God I have not those straight ligaments or narrow obligations to the world as to dote on life, or be convulst and tremble at the name

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of death: not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof, or by taking into the bowels of the deceased continual sight of anatomies, skeletons, or cadaverous reliques like vespillores, or grave-makers; I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality, but that marshalling all the honors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt my courage of a man, much less a well resolved Christian; and therefore am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fall, and, like the best of them, to die; that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements (to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit.) When I take a full view and circle of myself without this reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant; were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not intreat a moment's breath from me; could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought; I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements — I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity: in expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life; yet in my best meditations do often defy death; I honor any man that contemns it, nor can highly love any that is afraid of it. This

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makes me naturally love a soldier, and honor those tattered and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a pagan, there may be some motives to be in love with life; but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come.

Sir Thomas Browne.



THE immortality of the soul is a matter that concerns us so much, that affects us so deeply, that we must have lost all sentiment if its investigation leaves us indifferent. All our actions and thoughts follow paths so different, varying according to the hope of gaining eternal blessings or not, that it is impossible to take any sensible or judicious step without regulating it from this standpoint, which must be our final object.

Let us not consider the faithful, who are departed in the grace of God, as having ceased to live; although Nature suggests it; but as beginning to live, which is the testimony of truth. Let us not consider their souls as perished and annihilated, but as quickened and united to the Sovereign of life. . . .

The soul suffers and dies to sin, in repentance and baptism. The soul is raised to a new life in the

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sacraments. And at length the soul quits the earth, and soars to heaven, by leading a heavenly life: which made St. Paul say, "Our conversation is in heaven."

None of these things take place in the body during this life, but they will all be accomplished in it afterward.

For at our death the body dies as to this mortal life; at the judgment it shall rise to a new life: after the judgment, it shall ascend into heaven, and remain there to all eternity.

Blaise Pascal.



BESIDES his particular calling for the support of this life, every one has a concern in a future life, which he is bound to look after.

John Locke.

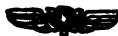


THE love of God is man's only true good. From other passions we can free ourselves, but not from love, because for the weakness of our nature we could not subsist without the enjoyment of something that may strengthen us by our union with it. Only the knowledge of God will enable us to subdue the hurtful passions. This as the source of all knowledge is the most perfect of all; and inasmuch as all knowledge is derived from the

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knowledge of God, we may know God better than we know ourselves. This knowledge in time, leads to the love of God which is the soul's union with him. The union of the soul with God is its second birth, and therein consists man's immortality and freedom.

Benedict Spinoza.



IF the immortality of the soul were an error, I should be sorry not to believe it. I avow that I am not so humble as the atheist; I know not how they think, but for me, I do not wish to exchange the idea of immortality against that of the beatitude of one day. I delight in believing myself as immortal as God himself. Independently of revealed ideas, metaphysical ideas give me a vigorous hope of my eternal well-being, which I would never renounce.

Baron Montesquieu.



THERE is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this, of the perpetual progress which the soul makes toward the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period of it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine forever, with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will

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still be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation forever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Joseph Addison.



I AM fully persuaded that one of the best springs of generous and worthy actions is having generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves. Whoever has a mean opinion of the dignity of his nature will act in no higher a rank than he has allotted himself in his own estimation. If he considers his being as circumscribed by the uncertain term of a few years, his designs will be contracted into the same narrow space he imagines is to bound his existence. How can he exalt his thoughts to anything great and noble, who only believes that after a short turn on the stage of this world, he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose his consciousness forever? For this reason I am of opinion that so useful and elevated a contemplation as that of the soul's immortality cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more improving exercise to the human mind than to be frequently reviewing its own great privileges and endowments, nor a more

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effectual means to awaken in us an ambition raised above low objects and little pursuits, than to value ourselves as heirs of eternity. John Hughes.



LIFE is rather a state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death.

I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep; we shall rise refreshed in the morning.

Benjamin Franklin.

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PRINTER
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING)
LIES HERE FOOD FOR WORMS.
BUT THE WORK SHALL NOT BE LOST
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW AND MORE ELEGANT EDITION
REVISED AND CORRECTED BY
THE AUTHOR.

Benjamin Franklin's *Epitaph*,
written by himself.

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HOW gloomy would be the mansions of the dead to him who did not know that he should never die; that what now acts shall continue its agency, and what now thinks shall think on forever.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.



THE great error is, placing such an estimate on this life, as if our being depended on it, and we were nothing after death.



Not all the subtleties of metaphysics can make me doubt a moment of the immortality of the soul, and of a beneficent Providence. I feel it, I believe it, I desire it, I hope it, and will defend it to my last breath.

Jean Jacques Rousseau.



GLORY is the portion of virtue, the sweet reward of honorable toils, the triumphant crown which covers the thoughtful head of the disinterested patriot, or the dusty brow of the victorious warrior. Elevated by so sublime a prize, the man of virtue looks down with contempt on all the allurements of pleasure, and all the menaces of danger. Death itself loses its terrors when he considers that its dominion extends only over a part of him, and that, in spite of death and time, the rage

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of the elements, and the endless vicissitudes of human affairs, he is assured of an immortal fame among all the sons of men. There surely is a Being who presides over the universe; and who with infinite wisdom and power has reduced the jarring elements into just order and proportion. Let speculative reasoners dispute how far this beneficent Being extends his care, and whether he prolongs our existence beyond the grave, in order to bestow on virtue its just reward, and render it fully triumphant. The man of morals, without deciding anything on so dubious a subject, is satisfied with the portion marked out to him by the supreme Disposer of all things. Gratefully he accepts of that further reward prepared for him; but if disappointed, he thinks not virtue an empty name, but justly esteeming it its own reward, he gratefully acknowledges the bounty of his Creator, who, by calling him into existence, has thereby afforded him an opportunity of once acquiring so invaluable a possession.

David Hume.



THE *summum bonum* is only possible on the supposition of the immortality of the soul.



The death of the body may indeed be the end of the sensational use of our mind, but only the beginning of the intellectual use. The body would thus

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be, not the cause of our thinking, but merely a condition restrictive thereof, and although essential to a sensuous and animal consciousness, it may be regarded as an impeder of our pure spiritual life.

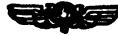
At some future day — I cannot say when and where — it will be proved that the human soul is, while in earth-life, already in an uninterrupted communication with those living in another world; that the human soul can act upon those beings, and receive, in return, impressions of them without being conscious of it in the ordinary personality.

Immanuel Kant.



I TROUBLE not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to positive conviction, that the Power that gave me existence is able to continue it in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without this body; and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter, than that I should have existence as I now have, before that existence began.

Thomas Paine.



AT the age of seventy-five one must, of course, think frequently of death. But this thought never gives one the least uneasiness, I am so fully convinced that the soul is indestructible and that its

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activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun which seems to our eyes to set in the night, but is really gone to diffuse its light elsewhere. Even while sinking it remains the same sun.

It is to a thinking being quite impossible to think himself non-existent, ceasing to think and live; so far does every one carry in himself the proof of immortality quite spontaneously. But as soon as the man determines to be objective and go out of himself, so soon as he thinks dogmatically to grasp a personal duration in order to bolster up in cockney fashion that inward assurance, he is lost in contradictions.

To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity. If I work incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence, when the present can no longer sustain my spirit.

I am not dreaming, I am not deluded. Nearer to the grave new light streams for me. We shall continue to exist. We shall see each other again.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

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REASONS FOR BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY

TH E natural desire of immortality, and the anticipations of futurity inspired by hope.

2. The natural apprehensions of the mind when under the influence of remorse.

3. The exact accommodation of the condition of the lower animals to their instincts and to their sensitive powers, contrasted with the unsuitableness of the present state of things to the intellectual faculties of man; to his capacities of enjoyment, and to the conceptions of happiness and of perfection which he is able to form.

4. The foundation which is laid in the principles of our constitution for a progressive and an unlimited improvement.

5. The information we are rendered capable of acquiring concerning the more remote parts of the universe; the unlimited range which is opened to the human imagination through the immensity of space and of time, and the ideas, however imperfect, which philosophy affords us of the existence and attributes of an overruling mind — acquisitions for which an obvious final cause may be traced on the supposition of a future state, but which if that supposition be rejected, could have no other effect than to make the business of life appear unworthy of our regard.

6. The tendency of the infirmities of age, and of the pains of disease to strengthen and confirm our moral habits, and the difficulty of accounting upon

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the hypothesis of annihilation for those sufferings which commonly put a period to the existence of man.

7. The discordance between our moral judgments and feelings and the course of human affairs.

8. The analogy of the material world, in some parts of which the most complete and the most systematical order may be traced; and of which our views always become the more satisfactory the wider our knowledge extends. It is the supposition of a future state alone that can furnish a key to the present disorders of the moral world; and without it many of the most striking phenomena of human life must remain forever inexplicable.

9. The inconsistency of supposing that the moral laws which regulate the course of human affairs have no reference to anything beyond the limits of the present scene; when all the bodies which compose the visible universe appear to be related to each other, as parts of one great physical system.

Of the different considerations now mentioned, there is not one perhaps which, taken singly, would be sufficient to establish the truth they are brought to prove, but taken in conjunction, their force appears irresistible. They not only all terminate in the same conclusion, but they mutually reflect light on each other; they have that sort of consistency and connection among themselves which could hardly be supposed to take place among a series of false propositions.

Dugald Stewart.

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THE world of imagination is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the vegetated body. This world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation, or vegetation, is finite and temporal. There exist in that eternal world the permanent realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature.



I cannot think of death as more than the going out of one room into another.

William Blake.



THE Newtonian system of stars and suns, let that be to you the fabric of your immortality, of an everlasting progress, and an upward flight. The planets of our solar system are bound to each other, and to their focus the sun, by the power of attraction. Yet the planets are the mere staging of the theatre; the mere dwelling-places of the creatures upon them; who, in various degrees of distance, with ellipses, revolve around the infinitely more beautiful Sun of Eternal Goodness and Truth. Is it possible that the scenes themselves should be so closely connected, and not the contents of the scenes? Is it to be supposed that the planets are so exactly arranged in relation to each other and the sun, and that the destiny of those who live

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on the planets, for whose sake the planets were prepared, is not as closely connected? In Nature everything is connected, like body and spirit. Our future destination is a new link in the chain of our being, which connects itself with the present link most minutely, and by the most subtle progression; as our earth is connected with the sun, and as the moon is connected with our earth. When death bursts the bonds of limitation, God will transplant us, like flowers, into quite other fields, and surround us with entirely different circumstances. Who has not experienced what new faculties are given to the soul by a new situation? — faculties which, in our old corner, in the stifling atmosphere of old circumstances and occupations, we had never imagined ourselves capable of? In these matters, we can do nothing but conjecture. But whatever I may be, through whatever worlds I may be led, I know that I shall forever remain in the hands of the Father who brought me hither, and who calls me further on.

Johann Gottfried von Herder.



I SHALL not die for myself, but only for others — for those surviving me, from whose company I shall be torn; for myself the hour of death is the hour of birth to a new glorious life. . . .

All death in nature is birth, and at the moment of death appears visibly the rising of life. There

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is no dying principle in nature, for nature throughout is unmixed life which concealed behind the old begins again and develops itself. Death and birth is simply the circling of life in itself, in order to present itself ever more brightly, and more like to itself.

Every one of my fellow-creatures who leaves this earthly brotherhood and whom, because he is my brother, my spirit cannot regard as annihilated, draws my thoughts after him beyond the grave;—he is still, and to him there belongs a place. While we mourn for him here below, . . . above there is rejoicing that a man is born into that world, as we citizens of the earth receive with joy those who are born unto us. When I shall one day follow, it will be but joy for me; sorrow shall remain behind in the sphere I shall have left.

Johann Gottlieb Fichte.



A S sad dreams betoken a glad future, so may it be with the so often tormenting dream of life when it is over.

When we die, we shall find we have not lost our dreams; we have only lost our sleep.

Johann Paul Friedrich Richter ("Jean Paul").

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DEATH is not a cutting off of being, but a transition, a passing from one form of being to another. Both conditions, here and hereafter, so depend on each other, and are so inseparably connected, that the first moment *there* can only commence with the last moment *here*, when the perfect development of the being is completed.

Karl Wilhelm von Humboldt.



IT is only our mortal duration that we measure by visible and measurable objects; and there is nothing mournful in the contemplation for one who knows that the Creator made him to be the image of his own Eternity, and who feels that in the desire for immortality he has sure proof of his capacity for it.

Robert Southey.



“**P**AID the debt of nature.” No; it is not paying a debt: it is rather like bringing a note to a bank to obtain solid gold in exchange for it. In this case you bring this cumbrous body, which is nothing worth, and which you could not wish to retain long: you lay it down, and receive for it from the eternal treasures, liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture.

John Foster.

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WHAT is death? to go out like a light, and in a sweet trance to forget ourselves and all the passing phenomena of the day, as we forget the phantoms of a fleeting dream; — to form, as in a dream, new connections with God's world; — to enter into a more exalted sphere, and to make a new step up man's graduated ascent of creation.

Johann Heinrich D. Zschokke.



IS death the last sleep? No; it is the last final awakening.

Sir Walter Scott.



THE waking man looks without fear at this offspring of his lawless Imagination, for he knows they are but vain spectres of his weakness. He feels himself lord of the world: his *Me* hovers victorious over the Abyss, and will though Eternities hover aloft above that endless Vicissitude.

Harmony is what his spirit strives to promulgate, to extend. He will even to infinitude grow more and more harmonious with himself and with his Creation and at every step behold the all-efficiency of a high moral Order in the Universe, and what is purest of his *Me* will come forth into brighter and brighter clearness.

Friedrich von Hardenburg ("Novalis").

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THE sublime attainments which man has been capable of making in science, and the wonders of his own creative art in that magnificent scene to which he has known how to give new magnificence, have been considered by many as themselves proofs of the immortality of a being so richly endowed. When we view him, indeed, comprehending in his single conception, the events of ages that have preceded him, and not content with the past, anticipating events that are to begin only in ages as remote in futurity as the origin of the universe is in the past, measuring the distance of the remotest planets, and naming in what year of other centuries, the nations that are now gazing with astonishment on some comet, are to gaze on it on its return, it is scarcely possible for us to believe that a mind which seems equally capacious of what is infinite in space and time, should only be a creature whose brief existence is measurable by a few points of space and a few moments of eternity.

Dr. Thomas Brown.



DOES this soul within me, this spirit of thought, dissolve as well as the body? Has nature, who quenches our bodily thirst, who rests our weariness, and perpetually encourages us to endeavor onwards, prepared no food for this appetite of immortality?

Leigh Hunt.

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EVERY one feels that he is something other than a nothing, animated by another. From this arises in him the confidence that death, though it may end his life, cannot put an end to his being.

Arthur Schopenhauer.



THE resurrection is brought about by the minds of heaven which sweep the worlds. The angel borne upon the blast saith not: "Ye dead, arise;" he saith, "Arise, ye living."

Honoré de Balzac.



GENERATION after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and issuing forth from Cimmerian night, appears on Heaven's mission. What force and fire is in each, he expends. One grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the alpine heights of science; one madly dashed to pieces on the rocks of strife, warring with his fellow: and the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon, even to sense, becomes a shadow. Thus, like a god-created, fire-breathing Spirit, we emerge from the Inane; we haste stormfully across the astonished earth; then we plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas are filled up, in our

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passage. Can the earth, which is but dead, and a vision, resist Spirits, which have reality, and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in. The last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery into mystery, from God to God.

Eternity, which cannot be far off, is my one strong city. I look into it fixedly now and then. All terrors about it seem to me superfluous. The universe is full of love and of inexorable sternness and veracity: and it remains forever true that God reigns. Patience, silence, hope. Thomas Carlyle.



I CANNOT believe that earth is man's abiding-place. It can't be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness: else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart are forever wandering about unsatisfied? . . . We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth: there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber in the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

Edward George Bulwer (Lord Lytton).

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ALL great natures delight in stability; all great men find eternity affirmed in the very promise of their faculties.



Everything is prospective, and man is to live hereafter. That the world is for his education is the only sane solution of the enigma. And I think that the naturalist works not for himself, but for the believing mind, which turns his discoveries to revelations, receives them as private tokens of the grand good-will of the Creator.



We live by desire to live; we live by choice, by will, by thought, by virtue, by the vivacity of the laws which we obey, and obeying share their life,—or we die by sloth, by disobedience, by losing hold of life, which ebbs out of us. But whilst I find the signatures, the hints and suggestions, noble and wholesome,—whilst I find that all the ways of virtuous living lead upward and not downward,—yet it is not my duty to prove to myself the immortality of the soul. That knowledge is hidden very cunningly. Perhaps the archangels cannot find the secret of their existence, as the eye cannot see itself; but ending or endless, to live whilst I live.



I am a better believer, and all serious souls are better believers, in the immortality, than we can

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give grounds for. The real evidence is too subtle or is higher than we can write down, and therefore Wordsworth's "Ode" is the best modern essay on the subject.

* * * *

It is curious to find the self-same feeling, that it is not immortality, but eternity, — not duration, but a state of abandonment to the Highest, and so the sharing of His perfection, — appearing in the farthest east and west. The human mind takes no account of geography, language or legends, but in all utters the same instinct.

Our dissatisfaction with any other solution is the blazing evidence of immortality.

R. W. Emerson.



SURELY God would not have created such a being as man, with an ability to grasp the infinite, to exist only for a day! No, no, man was made for immortality.

Abraham Lincoln.



THOSE who discharge promptly and faithfully all their duties to those who still live in the flesh, can have but little time left for prying into the life beyond the grave; and it is better to deal with each in its proper order.

Horace Greeley.

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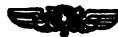
WHATEVER be the probabilities *of* a future life, all the probabilities *in case of* a future life are that such as we have been made or have made ourselves before the change, such we shall enter into the life hereafter; and that the fact of death will make no sudden break in our spiritual life, nor influence our character any otherwise than as any important change in our mode of existence may always be expected to modify it. Our thinking principle has its laws which in this life are invariable, and any analogies drawn from this life must assume that the same laws will continue.

John Stuart Mill.



ICANNOT get over the feeling — that the souls of the dead do somehow connect themselves with the places of their former habitation, and that the hush and thrill of spirit which we feel in them may be owing to the overshadowing presence of the invisible.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



WE have no other principle for deciding the question than this general idealistic belief: that every created thing will continue whose continuance belongs to the meaning of the world, and so long as it does so belong: whilst every one will pass

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away whose reality is justified only in transitory phase of the world's cause. That this principle admits of no further application in human hands need hardly be said. *We* surely know not the merits which may give to one being a claim on eternity, nor the defects which would cut others off.

Rudolph Hermann Lotze.



WHAT the thing is which we call ourselves we know not. It may be true, and I for one care not if it be, that the descent of our mortal bodies may be traced through an ascending series to some glutinous jelly formed on the rocks of the primeval ocean. It is nothing to me how the Maker of me has been pleased to construct the organized substance which I call my body. It is mine, but it is not *me*. The intellectual spirit, being an essence, I believe to be an imperishable something engendered in us from a higher source.

James Anthony Froude.



MOST earnestly would I again urge upon those who cherish the doctrine of immortality, not to defend it, as they too often do, by arguments which have a basis smaller than the doctrine itself. I long to see this glorious tenet rescued from the jurisdiction of a narrow and sectarian theology, which,

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foolishly ascribing to a single religion the possession of all truth, proclaims other religions to be false, and debases the most magnificent topics by contracting others within the horizon of its own little vision. Every creed which has existed long and played a great part, contains a large amount of truth, or else it would not have retained its hold upon the human mind. To suppose, however, that any one of them contains the whole truth, is to suppose that as soon as that creed was annunciated the limits of inspiration were reached, and the power of inspiration exhausted. For such a supposition we have no warrant. On the contrary, the history of mankind, if compared in long periods, shows a very slow, but still a clearly marked, improvement in the character of successive creeds; so that if we reason from the analogy of the past, we have a right to hope that the improvement will continue, and that subsequent creeds will surpass ours. Using the word "religion" in its ordinary sense, we find that the religious opinions of men depend on an immense variety of circumstances which are constantly shifting. Hence it is, that whatever rests merely upon these opinions has in it something transient and mutable. Well, therefore, may they who take a distant and comprehensive view, be filled with dismay when they see a doctrine like the immortality of the soul defended in this manner. Such advocates incur a heavy responsibility. They imperil their own cause; they make the funda-

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mental depend upon the casual; they support what is permanent by what is ephemeral; and with their books, their dogmas, their traditions, their rituals, their records, and their other perishable contrivances, they seek to prove what was known to the world before these existed, and what, if these were to die away would still be known, and would remain the common heritage of the human species, and the consolation of myriads yet unborn.

The belief in a future state approaches certainty nearer than any other belief, and it is the one which, if eradicated, would drive most of us to despair.

Henry Thomas Buckle.



MEN who have renounced their individual happiness, never doubt their immortality. Christ knew that he would continue to live after death because he had already entered into the true life which cannot cease. He lived even then in the rays of that other centre of life toward which he was advancing, and he saw them reflected on those who stood around him. And this every man who renounces his own good beholds; he passes in this life into a new relation with the world for which there is no death, and this experience gives him an immovable faith in the stability, immortality, and eternal growth of life.

Count Tolstoy.

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IMMORTALITY means to labor at a lasting work. According to the primitive Christian idea, the true one, only those shall rise again who have contributed to the divine work; furthering God's kingdom on earth. The punishment of the wicked and frivolous will be utter annihilation. Here a formidable objection starts up against us. Can science be more everlasting than humanity, whose end is written down from the very fact of its having had a beginning? It matters not; human reason has not been engaged consecutively for more than a hundred years on the problems of matters mundane. It has already made some wonderful discoveries that have increased man's power a hundred, nay, a thousand fold. What then will it be a hundred thousand years hence? And pray remember that no truth is ever lost, that no error ever strikes root. All this makes us feel secure. We are really afraid of nothing except of the falling-in of the sky, and even if the sky came crushing down we should still go to sleep quietly with the thought The Being of whom we were the transitory blossom has always been, always will be.

Ernest Renan.



FOR my own part, I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as

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a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of
God's work.



Who can tell but that this which we call life is really death, from which what we call death is an awakening? From this vantage ground of thought the human soul comes to look without dread upon the termination of this terrestrial existence. The failure of the bodily powers, the stoppage of the fluttering pulse, . . . the breaking of the ties of love, the loss of all that has given value to existence, . . . all this is seized upon by the sovereign imagination of man and transformed into a scene of transcending glory, such as in all the vast career of the universe is reserved for humanity alone. In the highest of creatures the Divine immanence has acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the dissolution of the flesh and assert an individuality untrammelled by the limitations which in the present life everywhere persistently surrounds it. Upon this view death is not a calamity but a boon, not a punishment inflicted upon Man, but the supreme manifestation of his exceptional prerogative as chief among God's creatures.

John Fiske.



PENSIVE and faltering,
The words *the Dead* I write,
For living are the Dead,

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(Haply the only living, only real,
And I the apparition, I the spectre).

Walt Whitman.



RECURRING now to the fundamental postulate — there can exist no faculty without a function — I submit that I have shown that man possesses faculties that perform no normal function in this life. The inevitable conclusion is that those faculties must perform their functions in a future life — in a higher plane of existence. And I have vastly reinforced the argument by showing that the subjective faculties are especially adapted to a disembodied existence. Not one faculty is lacking to constitute a perfect manhood — an entity essentially God-like in its every attribute. Thus intuition, inerrant deductive powers and a potentially perfect memory, constitute a mental equipment that is literally God-like, for that by infinite extension of its powers it would become omniscient. An infinite extension of the power of telekinesis (movement of physical objects by mind power) would constitute omnipotence — the dynamic spiritual energy that assembles matter and builds the material universe. Telepathic powers, by infinite extension, would constitute omnipresence. And the affectional emotions, purified, legitimated, and infinitely extended would be infinite and universal love.

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The facts are well known to every intelligent student of psychic science. The conclusions are my own. But I submit that I am justified, upon a careful analysis of man's subjective faculties thus revealed, in holding that they proclaim his Divine origin, and enable us to declare that if Nature is constant there cannot have been created such a manhood without a mission, such powers without a purpose, such faculties without a function, other than those in evidence in our earthly environment.

What the nature of the future life may be no one this side of the grave can know with certainty. But, since there can be no faculty without a function, the same analysis of our subjective faculties reveals the fact that we shall enter the future life well equipped for a highly intellectual and social existence.

Thomson J. Hudson.



THE real life of the wheat commences when its delicate and tender shoots appear above the ground to be soothed by the rain and caressed by the breeze, and to feel the gentle kisses of the warming sunbeams. Let us think of our spiritual substance as real, animating our whole body, and yearning to throw aside its worn-out garb, to drink in the joy of unfettered life in Heaven, which is here all around us, and where we will know as we are known.

Edward Rodolph Johnes.

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RECOGNIZING my own inner consciousness the psyche, so clearly, death did not seem to me to affect the personality. In dissolution there was no bridgeless chasm, no unfathomable gulf of separation; the spirit did not immediately become inaccessible, leaping at a bound to an immeasurable distance. Look at another person while living,—the soul is not visible, only the body which it animates. Therefore, merely because after death the soul is not visible is no demonstration that it does not still live. The condition of being unseen is the same condition which occurs while the body is living, so that intrinsically there is nothing exceptional or supernatural in the life of the soul after death. . . . Only by the strongest effort of the mind could I understand the idea of extinction; *that* was supernatural, requiring a miracle — the immortality of the soul natural, like earth. Listening to the sighing of the grass I felt immortality as I felt the beauty of the summer morning; and I thought, beyond immortality, of other conditions, more beautiful than existence, higher than immortality.



Realizing that spirit . . . so clearly I cannot understand time. It is eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about all in the sunshine; I am in it as the butterfly floats in the light-laden air. Nothing has to come; it is now. Now is eternity; now is the immortal life.

Richard Jeffries.

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OF immortality I say nothing. That cannot, from the nature of things, be demonstrated. But of a life after death — a life in which those who live on this side of the grave retain their identity in the other world — that may yet be demonstrated by tests as exact and as conclusive as any of which the science of psychology admits. . . .

When dust returns to dust and ashes to ashes, the *ego* lives on; the personal identity, the consciousness of the individual, does not seem to be even momentarily impaired. It does not seem to be too bold a speculation to believe that the patent methods of inductive science, the careful examination of evidence, and the repeatedly renewed experiments of investigators will before long completely re-establish the failing belief in the reality of the world beyond the grave, and leave us with as little room for doubt as to the existence of the spirit after death as we have now for doubting the existence of Behring Straits or of the Pyramids.

William T. Stead.



MEN have assured us, in these latter days, that faith and art have parted company; that faith is dead, and art must live for itself alone. But while they were saying these things in melancholy essays and trivial verses, which denied a spiritual immortality and had small prospect of a literary one, the two highest artists of the century, Tennyson and

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Browning, were setting their music to the keynote of an endless life, and prophesying with the harp, according as it is written: *I believe, and therefore sing.*

In Memoriam is a dead-march, but it is a march into immortality. The promise of Arthur Hallam's life was not broken. Threescore years and ten of earthly labor could hardly have accomplished anything greater than the work which was inspired by his early death and consecrated to his sacred memory. The heart of man, which can win such victory out of its darkest defeat and reap such harvest from the furrows of the grave, is neither sprung from dust nor destined to return to it. A poem like *In Memoriam*, more than all flowers of the returning spring, more than all shining wings that flutter above the ruins of the chrysalis, more than all sculptured tombs and monuments of the beloved dead, is the living evidence and intimation of an endless life.

Henry Van Dyke.



THE main fact of man's psychical activity is the continuity of his soul, for this is the ultimate basis for the identity of a man's personality through all the changes of his development. The continuity and identity of each soul are conditions which beget the feeling of responsibility, and thus force upon man the necessity of moral conduct.

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The continuity of man's soul-life is not limited to the span of time that lies between birth and death; it extends beyond the boundary line of individual existence, and links the after-life of each single person to the lives of his ancestors and contemporaries, as well as to the generations to come.

* * * * *

Before the comprehension of the true nature of the soul, birth as an absolute beginning vanishes; and so does death as an absolute annihilation. We learn to recognize the intimate interconnection of ourselves with the life of the distant past as well as with the life of the ages to come. He who attains to this height lives on the summit of existence and breathes the air of immortality. His soul has arisen into the domain of the superindividual life; death has no sting for him; he has conquered the ills that flesh is heir to; and he looks upon the world with the eye of divine enlightenment. In him deity has become incarnate.

Paul Carus.



THE Universe, with every living entity which her resources create, creates at the same time a call for that entity, and an appetite for its continuance, — creates it, if nowhere else, at least within the heart of the entity itself.

* * * * *

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The inner significance of other lives exceeds all our powers of sympathy and insight. If we feel a significance in our own life which would lead us spontaneously to claim its perpetuity, let us be at least tolerant of like claims made by other lives, however numerous, however unideal they may seem to us to be.

Our faculties of belief were not primarily given to us to make orthodoxies and heresies withal; they were given us to live by; and to trust our religious demands means first of all to live in the light of them, and to act as if the invisible world which they suggest were real. It is a fact of human nature, that men can live and die by the help of a sort of faith that goes without a single dogma or definition. The bare assurance that this natural order is not ultimate but a mere sign or vision, the external staging of a many-storied universe, in which spiritual forces have the last word and are eternal,—this bare assurance is to such men enough to make life seem worth living in spite of every contrary presumption suggested by its circumstances on the natural plane. Destroy this inner assurance, however, vague as it is, and all the light and radiance of existence is extinguished for these persons at a stroke. Often enough the wild-eyed look at life — the suicidal mood — will then set in.

William James.

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“**T**HREE is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.” Here is the basis of the true explanation. This spiritual body is the real, the permanent being. We are all, here and now, spiritual beings in a spiritual body, and in touch with spiritual forces. But — this spiritual body is temporarily clothed with a physical covering, in order that the individual may temporarily enter into relations with the physical world.

* * * *

The law of evolution is as constant on all planes as are the laws of gravitation and attraction that hold the stars in their courses. The change of form produces no violent or mysterious alteration. The man who died last night is the same in all essentials to-day that he was yesterday, except that he has withdrawn from the visible form.

Lillian Whiting.



SCIENCE has given us a past. Too long has she left it to faith to give us a future. Human love cannot be contented out of the forces of nature; and earth-bound human knowledge turns to lift its lowered eyes toward the firmament of immortal life.

* * * *

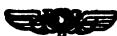
In the strife for eternal existence, it may be true that the amount of contending desire represents the

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amount of contending power; that the love of eternal life, itself, bespeaks to an extent, the capacity for it; that the instincts or the impulses of belief are not without their significance, other things being equal, as salvable agencies; in short, that the longing to live forever not only carries with it the power to conquer the materials of duration, but indicates in a measure the force of the life-principle in the soul. A man may live forever because he loves his eternal life, and he loves his eternal life because he is to live forever.

Fools or philosophers — we are content to leave the choice of terms to the great heart and sound sense of humanity; we cling to the strong, reasonable hope of everlasting life. It is human to cling, it is divine to cling; it is instinct, it is reason; it is the blind brute motion of nature, it is the last fine finish of knowledge.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.



FROM babyhood to old age we retain the same sense of "I" and of personal identity. This continuity of the conscious agent, or "I," cannot be explained by any physical or chemical law. According to Vedanta philosophy, thought, or feeling, or intelligence can never be produced by any mechanical molecular motion. "Motion produces

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motion and nothing else," says modern science. As such, how can the motion of the atoms of the body produce consciousness? That must be due to some higher power or force. This force is ordinarily called "soul." The soul is not subject to the atomic or molecular changes in the body; it is rather the cause of them. It is beyond all change, and consequently, beyond death. It is the basis of the continuity of the conscious state and of the sense of identity in the individual.

As we survive and retain our individuality after each seven years of change and renewal, so we shall live as individual souls after the final dissolution of the form of our bodies. In the Bhagavad Gita it is said: "As during our lifetime we survive the death of the baby body, the young body, and the mature body, successively, and retain our individuality, so after the death of the old body we shall survive, live, retain our individuality, and continue to exist through eternity."

Swâmi Abhedânanda.



ALL is infinite — all that you see around you, or perceive within you. There is no such word as finite in the dictionary of Nature, in the lexicon of Creation. All, all that looks ever so small and circumscribed to the fleshly eye of ignorance, is vast and endless to the eye of spiritual wisdom. All

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that to the physical sight is limited in shape and life is before the vision of the soulful student of Creation's mysterious laws limitless beyond grasp.

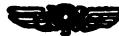
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Man being but a stage in the upward evolution of the atom, and his soul being a part of the Universal Soul,—a wavelet of the Love-Ocean,—he is as immense in every way as the universe itself, as infinite as the Essence of Infinity.

This life has sprung from Eternity; it draws its breath in Eternity, and is finally absorbed by Eternity, which is Absolute Love.

There is no such thing as destruction in the law of Nature. Nothing is destroyed totally; all forms of destruction are but phases of transmutation, from gross manifestation into fine, from fine into finer, from finer into finest, from finest into mystic ideation which belongs to the realm of absolute spirituality.

Bábá Premánand Bhárati.



WHAT question has been asked a greater number of times; what idea has sent more men to search the universe for an answer; what question is nearer and dearer to the human heart; what question is more inseparably connected with our existence than this one, the immortality of the human soul?

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Every day we find that the wall that was thought to be dividing one substance and another is being broken down, and all matter is coming to be recognized by modern science as one substance, manifesting in different ways and in various forms the one life that runs like a continuous chain throughout, of which all these various forms represent the links, link after link, extending almost infinitely, but of the same chain. This is what is called evolution. It is an old, old idea, as old as human society, only it is getting fresher and fresher as human knowledge is going on.

There is one thing more, which the ancients perceived, and that is involution; but in modern times this is not yet so clearly perceived. The seed is becoming the plant; a grain of sand never becomes a plant. It is the father that becomes the child. A lump of clay never becomes a child. Out of what this evolution comes is the question. What was the seed? It was the same as the tree. All the possibilities of a future tree are in that seed; all the possibilities of a man are in the little baby; all the possibilities of a future are in the germ. What is this? The ancient philosophers of India called it involution. We find then that every evolution presupposes an involution. Nothing can be evolved which is not already in.

There is nothing new; there will be nothing new. The same series of manifestations are presenting themselves alternately, like a wheel coming up and

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down. All motion in this universe is in the form of waves, successively rising and falling. Systems after systems are coming out of the finer forms, evolving themselves, taking the grosser forms, again melting down, as it were, and going back to the fine forms. Again they rise out of that, rising for a certain period and slowly going back to the cause.

* * * *

We come to this, that there is recurrence of the same material phenomena at certain periods, that the same combinations have been going on through eternity. But that is not immortality of the soul. No force can die, no matter can be annihilated. What becomes of it? It goes on changing, forward and backward, until it comes back to the source from which it came. There is no motion in a straight line. Everything is in a circle, because a straight line, infinitely produced, becomes a circle. If that is the case, there cannot be eternal degeneration for any soul. It cannot be. Everything must complete the circle, and come back to its source. What are you and I and all these souls? As we have seen in our discussion of evolution and involution, you and I must be part of the cosmic consciousness, cosmic life, cosmic mind, which get involved, and we must complete the circle and go back to this cosmic intelligence which is God. That very cosmic intelligence is what people call Lord, or God, or Christ, or Buddha, or Brahma, whom the

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materialists perceive as a force, whom the agnostics perceive as that infinite, inexpressible beyond.

This is that infinite cosmic life, cosmic intelligence, cosmic power, and we are all parts of that.

Swami Vivekananda.



UNDER normal conditions the "eternal progression" noted in the intellectual life of man is very significant. There is not observed a rise, culmination, and decline in the mind of those living an intellectual and spiritual life, the ideal life, in my opinion, of man; but a gradual development to the end. If this life is to end all, why this loss of energy? Why not the usual law, "rise, culmination, and decline," noted in earthly experiences? So far as the body of man is concerned this law holds good; but the soul, the intellect, does not show, to any marked extent, this deterioration; but on the contrary, a development to the last. The soul under the new conditions following death will continue to develop. Eternal progression is the watchword God has set for the soul — onward and upward — no inactivity, no stagnation. In my opinion God Himself is an illustration of this law. To-day the idea of stagnation is inconsistent with the teachings of science and philosophy. The future state of man is more or less a principle of continuous progression marked out in this life. The belief

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of the Latter-day Saints that "As man is, God once was; and as God is, man may be," is the most philosophical of all ideas concerning our Divine Father.

James Linford.



I SHALL not believe that this light is extinguished. If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn, and make it to burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, who was made in the image of his Creator?

* * * *

Rather let us believe that He, who in his apparent prodigality wastes not the raindrop, the blade of grass, or the evening's sighing zephyr, but makes them all to carry out His plans, has given immortality to the mortal.

William Jennings Bryan.



"VERILY, verily, I say unto you that he that believeth in me hath everlasting life." In these words Jesus announced a scientific principle of the utmost importance. Belief is essential to the attainment of immortality (in or out of the body). Belief in what? Belief in immortality —

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a state of consciousness of the fact of immortality. Belief in Jesus, in any real sense, is belief in the immortality of man. It is a belief in him who is "the way, the truth, and the life"—in body and soul together; and with belief, a realization of oneness with him.

Paul Tyner.



THE decay and failure of the body do not analytically imply the destruction of the soul, as would be the case if the body were its casual ground. The soul, when the body fails, has not to go wandering through space to find another home; it is continuously comprised in the thought and activity of the infinite. God gave it life, and if he wills he will maintain it. The actual existence of all things is in God; while it does not remove the mystery of our being, does diminish the sense of grotesque forlornness which the conception of our disembodied existence is pretty sure to awaken when we conceive it in spatial forms.

Speculation makes room for belief, but for positive faith we must fall back on the demands of our moral and religious nature, or on some word of revelation, or on both together. Our metaphysical reasonings on the nature of substance do not help us here. Speculatively we can lay down only a formal principle without being able to draw any concrete inferences from it. As all finite things have the ground of their existence in the divine

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plan, we must say that they will continue or pass away as their significance for that plan demands. Of course we are ready to say that only moral values are eternally significant, but it is well not to be too sure of our deductions in the concrete. If so many seemingly absurd things can exist, there is no telling how long they will continue; and, on the other hand, there are few things of such supreme value as to make their vanishing a self-evident absurdity.

Borden P. Bowne.



MY life as a casual system of physical and psychical processes, which lies spread out in time between the dates of my birth and of my death, will come to an end with my last breath; to continue it, to make it go on till the earth falls into the sun, or a billion times longer, would be without any value, as that kind of life which is nothing but the mechanical occurrence of physiological and psychological phenomena had as such no ultimate value for me or for you or for any one at any time. But my real life as a system of interrelated will-attitudes has nothing before or after, because it is beyond time. It is independent of birth and death, because it cannot be related to the biological events; it is not born and will not die; it is immortal; all possible thinkable time is inclosed in it: it is eternal.

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See, even these ashes of the wood which burns in the fireplace are made up of atoms which will last throughout all future time; I do not long for that repulsive, intolerable endlessness which we should have to share with those ashes. They are in time, and can never escape the tracks of time, and however long they may last, there will be endless time still ahead of them. We are beyond time; our hope and our strife is eternally completed in the timeless system of wills, and if I mourn for our friend, I grieve, not because his personality has become unreal like an event in time, but because his personality as it belongs eternally to our world aims at a fuller realization of its intentions, at a richer influence on his friends. This contrast between what is aimed at in our attitude and what is reached in our influence is indeed full of pathos, and yet inexhaustible in its eternal value. We ought to submit to its ethical meaning as we submit to the value of truth and beauty and duty and sanctity. It belongs to the ultimate meaning of each of us; through our aims, through our influences, through our relations to the aims of our fellows and to the ideals of the Absolute, and, finally, through these pathetic contrasts between aims and influences we enter as parts into the absolute reality,—not for calendar years and not for innumerable aeons, but for timeless eternity.

Hugo Münsterberg.



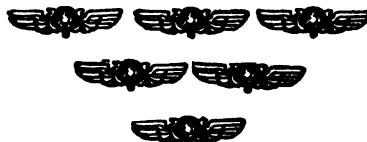
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WHAT keeps and will long still keep us from enjoying the treasures of the universe is the hereditary resignation with which we tarry in the gloomy prison of our senses. Our imagination as we lead it to-day accommodates itself too readily to that captivity. It is true that it is the slave of those senses that alone feed it. But it does not cultivate enough within itself the intuitions and presentiments which tell it that it is absurdly captive and that it must seek outlets even beyond the most resplendent and most infinite circles which it pictures to itself. It is important that our imagination should say to itself more and more seriously that the real world begins thousands of millions of leagues beyond its most ambitious and daring dreams. Already the smallest revelations of science in our humble daily life teach it that, even in that modest environment, it cannot cope with reality, that it is constantly being overwhelmed, disconcerted, dazzled by all the unexpected that lies hidden in a stone, a salt, a glass of water, a plant, an insect. . . . Man, to keep his sense of proportion, has a need to tell himself at every moment that, if placed suddenly amid the realities of the universe, he would be exactly comparable with an ant which, knowing only the narrow paths, the tiny holes, the approaches and the horizons of its ant-heap, should suddenly find itself floating on a straw in the midst of the Atlantic. Pending the time when we shall have left a prison which prevents us from

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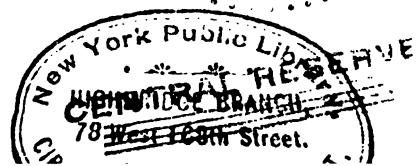
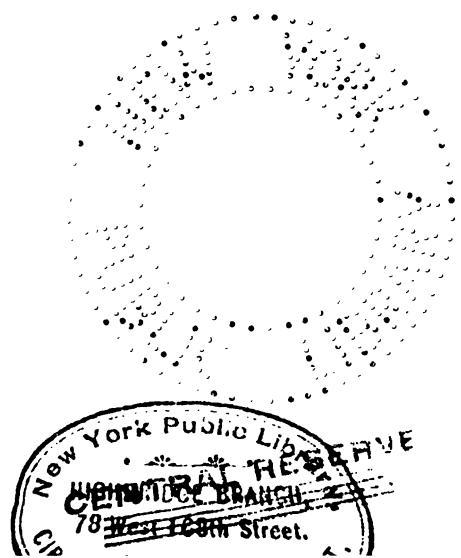
coming into touch with the realities beyond our imagination, we stand a much greater chance of lighting upon a fragment of truth by imagining the most unimaginable things than by striving to lead the dreams of that imagination, through the midst of eternity, between the dikes of logic and of actual possibilities. Let us therefore try, whenever a new dream presents itself, to snatch from before our eyes the bandage of our earthly life. Let us say to ourselves that, among the possibilities which the universe still hides from us, one of the easiest to realize, one of the most palpable, the least ambitious and the least disconcerting, is certainly the possibility of a means of enjoying an existence much more spacious, lofty, perfect, durable, and secure, than that which is offered to us by our actual consciousness. Admitting this possibility — and there are few as probable — the problem of our immortality is, in principle, solved. It is now a question of grasping or foreseeing its ways and, amid the circumstances that interest us most, of knowing what part of our intellectual and moral acquirements will pass into our eternal and universal life.

Maurice Maeterlinck.



IV

THE DEDUCTIONS OF SCIENCE



I ACCEPT Reality and dare not question it,
Materialism first and last imbuing.

* * * *

*This is the lexicographer, this the chemist, this
made a grammar of the old cartouches,
These mariners put the ship through dangerous
unknown seas,
This is the geologist, this works with the scalpel,
and this is a mathematician.
Gentlemen to you first honors always!
Your facts are useful, and yet they are not my
dwelling,
I but enter by them to an area in my dwelling.*

Walt Whitman.

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T is my greatest desire, that it might be granted unto atheists to have tasted, at least but one only moment, what it is intellectually to understand; whereby they may feel the immortality of the mind, as it were, by touching.

Jan Baptista Van Helmont.



WHY then should we fear death if we have lived well enough to feel no apprehension as to what follows it? Why dread that moment, since it is prepared by an infinity of other moments of the same kind, since death is as natural as life, and both happen to us in the same way, ourselves not being sensible of them, or being able to perceive them. . . . Most men die without knowing it; and of the few who retain consciousness up to the last sigh, there is not one who does not retain hope as long.

George Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon.



WE see now only a few links of this grand chain; we are not even sure that we see them in their natural order; we follow that admirable

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profession but very imperfectly, and with innumerable deviations; we encounter frequent interruptions; but we know well that these gulfs belong far less to the chain itself than to our own powers of comprehension.

When it shall be permitted us to contemplate that chain, as I suppose those intelligences do for whom our world was mainly created; when we can, like them, follow its prolongation into other worlds, then and then only shall we recognize their reciprocal dependencies, their hidden relations, and the proximate reason of each link, and shall rise by a ladder of relative improvements even to the most transcendent and glorious truths!

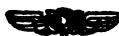
Charles de Bonnet.



THE caterpillar, on being converted into an inert scaly mass, does not appear to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of the air, and can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown being. The fly that we crush with our finger or feed with our viands has no knowledge of man and no consciousness of his superiority. We suppose that we are acquainted with matter and all its elements; yet we cannot even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the laws of the formation of the stones that fall from meteors. There may be beings, thinking

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beings, near or surrounding us, which we do not perceive, which we cannot imagine. We know very little; but in my opinion, we know enough to hope for the immortality, the individual immortality, of the better part of man. Sir Humphrey Davy.



WITH respect to immortality, nothing shows me [so clearly] how strong and almost instinctive a belief it is as the consideration of the view now held by most physicists, namely, that the sun, with all the planets, will, in time, grow too cold for life, unless, indeed, some great body dashes into the sun and thus gives it fresh life. Believing, as I do, that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of one world will not appear so dreadful.

Charles Darwin.



I SUPPOSE that, though it is not science — certainly not physical and physiological science — that brings immortality to light, modern science does not really tend to put out that light. Yet, if

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that light were quenched, "I know not where," in modern science alone, "is that Promethean heat that can *that* light relume."

Yet I would not quite consider the question out of the pale of science altogether. In the interpretation of Nature — therefore not beyond the highest scientific consideration — there are two consistent hypotheses, that of theism and that of non-theism. The former of these is the best I know of for the explanation of the facts: the latter does not try to explain anything.

Immortality of the personal consciousness is a probable but not unavoidable inference from theism.

Asa Gray.



I HAVE the fullest confidence that there is nothing in science, or in any possible results from investigations of Nature, against immortality.

James Dwight Dana.



DESCARTES said: "I think, therefore I am." This reasoning, so much admired in the schools, always seemed to us a piece of simplicity. He should have said, to give his syllogism force: "I think, therefore I am immortal." My soul is immortal, because it exists; and it does exist, because I think.

Louis Figuier.

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WHAT shall we say, then, of this instinct of immortality handed down through all the generations of prehistoric and savage men, and prompting to costly funeral rites? Is it a mere fancy, a baseless superstition? Is it not rather a God-given feature of the spiritual nature yearning after a lost earthly immortality, and clinging to the hope of a better being in a future life? And is it not, after all, inseparable from a belief in a God, whose children we are, and who can transfer us from this lower sphere to better mansions in his own heavenly home?

Sir John William Dawson.



OUTSIDE of modern spiritualism I know of nothing in recognized science to support the belief in immortality; and though I consider spiritualism to be as truly an established experimental science as any other, it is not recognized as such.



Up to the time when I first became acquainted with the facts of spiritualism, I was a confirmed philosophical sceptic, rejoicing in the works of Voltaire, Strauss, and Carl Vogt, and an ardent admirer (as I am still) of Herbert Spencer. I was so thorough and confirmed a materialist that I could not at that time find a place in my mind for the conception of spiritual existence, or for any

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other agencies in the universe than matter and force. Facts however are stubborn things. My curiosity was at first excited by some slight but inexplicable phenomena occurring in a friend's family, and my desire for knowledge and love of truth forced me to continue the inquiry. The facts became more and more assured, more and more varied, more and more removed from anything that modern science taught or modern philosophy speculated on. The facts beat me. They compelled me to accept them as facts long before I could accept the spiritual explanation of them; there was at that time "no place in my fabric of thought into which it could be fitted." By slow degrees a place was made; but it was made, not by any preconceived or theoretical opinions, but by the continuous action of fact after fact, which could not be got rid of in any other way.

Alfred Russel Wallace.



WITHOUT a belief in personal immortality religion is surely like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.

Friedrich Max Müller.



THAT a profound and unbiassed study of any branch of natural science should lead to disbelief in immortality seems to me preposterous.

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Physical laws whose workings are of course as clearly traceable in our mortal frames as in any other aggregations of matter, cannot be made applicable to what is not matter. Nor do I see how modes of action can be confounded with the agent, in any process of legitimate reasoning. Whether the masses of matter considered be below the reach of the microscope, or vast beyond telescopic measurement, makes not an iota's difference for any of the questions involved. It is strange, to be sure, that any one acquainted with the rudiments of physiological chemistry, or who has seriously considered the relations between spirit and matter, should not recoil with horror from such a doctrine as that of a resurrection of the body; but such a dogma as this has nothing to do with faith in the immortality of the individual, who has been for a season clothed in and hampered by the fleshly garb from which death frees him.

Assuming the existence of spirit, as distinct from matter, it would be absurd to suppose it limited by physical laws, except in so far as it might employ matter as an implement. In considering things spiritual, there is no opportunity for inferences or analogies drawn from the laws of matter. And until the physical investigator can show the possibility of evolving, from a combination of atoms and a development of cells, devotion and gratitude to God, love to man, self-sacrificing disinterestedness, self-surrender to the idea of duty, and that innate

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faith in reunion with our beloved, which pervades every human race — all of which seem to form an integral part of the spiritual constitution of mankind, — it seems a waste of words to base arguments on the subject upon physical data.

Benjamin Apthorp Gould.



TO know that a great hope cannot be positively disproved on the testimony of Nature, is certainly not valueless. But we can assuredly gain a clear conception of a necessary mutual dependence between the physical and the psychical phases of being which can give to both an underlying reality, and an immutability which shall guarantee the eternal conservation of both.

Science must yet admit the constitutional indestructibility of every mind.

* * * * *

I would single out the self-conscious mind, enabled steadily to acquire wisdom, to grow in happiness, to gain in power; learning to guide its own destinies, yet leading always by the hand the weak and the erring toward a better eminence; I would convince him that this vast delicate incarnation of beneficent purpose, of manifested thought, of embodied adaptation, must hang but as a fringe upon the garment of the Infinite Thinker. There must

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be a Maker of the conditioned universe, himself unconditioned. To Him we may reasonably look for a continuation of the existing order of Nature, with the furtherance of all the interests which are bound up within it as part of its eternal process.

Antoinette Brown Blackwell.



IT is not on the old ground that the doctrine of a future life can be sustained. Theologians in former days imagined that the soul was an entity apart from our physical frame, inserted into the body by a special act of divine power, pent in it during life, and set free from it by death, though still remaining in its filthy counterpart. . . . But we have now learned to believe that there is nothing in us which is not the outcome of our general frame, and presumably liable, with our general frame, to dissolution at death.

Yet there is a voice within us which tells us that in the sum of things it will be well with virtue, and that the effort and self-denial expended in the promotion of a good and beautiful character will not have been expended in vain. . . . If you ask me how this can be without the existence of the soul as an entity separate from the body . . . my answer is that I cannot tell. But I do not on that account refuse to listen to a genuine prompting of my nature, if this be one, merely because it is not con-

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firmed by the evidence of sense. Our whole being is a mystery. Try to realize in thought eternity and infinity, and you become conscious of that fact. Our sense probably tells us little more of the universe in which we are than sense tells the purblind mole which no doubt thinks it sees all that there is to be seen. We are happily casting off superstition, but there may still be some scope for faith. Not for the faith which would reject or supplant reason, but for the faith which is the evidence of things unseen.

Goldwin Smith.



I THINK the arguments from the facts of modern science are rather contrary than favorable to the doctrine of a future life. Nevertheless, I believe in a conditional immortality, in an eternal life begun already in this world, which is not man's birth-right but the gift of God. My reasons for this belief are, however, psychological, and not physiological.

T. Sterry Hunt.

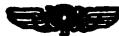


I THINK the discoveries of modern science strengthen the belief in immortality. During the last three centuries, these discoveries have greatly changed the position of man with respect to the objects of nature. They have enlarged the domain of investigation, so that now the thought

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of man and his theories range throughout our solar system, and through stellar and nebular systems far beyond. Our physical and chemical theories are penetrating the recesses of nature, and are continually furnishing us with more powerful instruments of research. By means of these, scientific knowledge will be increased. In all branches of science we shall learn more and more that the universe is ruled by the laws of a wise and an Almighty Creator. It is true that the Christian Church has opposed, sometimes with threats and sometimes with persecution, the advancement of knowledge, fearful lest some of her cherished creeds might be overthrown. But, generally, the creeds have given way at the right time, or have been remodelled and improved to suit the new conditions. In all this change and progress there does not seem to me any degradation of the position of man. On the contrary, I think the soul of man, being capable of such flights of imagination and such traits of reason, shows itself worthy a continued existence. Such considerations do not, of course, amount to a proof; but they strengthen my belief in immortality.

Asaph Hall.



THE progress of science does not touch, or touches only to fortify, the citadel of man's spiritual nature. . . . I do not hesitate to express the conviction that man's consciousness of his own per-

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sonality, . . . his hopes of a life to come . . . will stand firm, whatever discoveries may be made of the evolution of life, the relation of soul and body, the nature of atoms and of force, and the conceptions of time and space. Science shows us that all knowledge proceeds from faith,—the assumption of premises in which the investigator believes. Indeed, if I may use the words of another, “some of these very discoveries, on closer and larger view, seem destined to be the chief support of those cherished convictions to which they at first seemed hostile.” I anticipate that the day is not distant . . . when science will be openly proclaimed the handmaid of religion.

Daniel Coit Gilman.



I THINK it is true that certain scientific facts and general laws — such as the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of energy, and the apparent sameness of physical law and material substance in all parts of the universe which we can reach in our investigations — make it easier to accept the idea of human immortality than it would be if no such facts were recognized. But they amount to nothing more than a faint corroboration. In my judgment, the knowledge of “life and immortality” comes only by revelation, like our knowledge of the moral character and attributes of God.

Charles A. Young.

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IT is my opinion that the philosophical side of the question consists in the relation between the soul, the natural forces, and matter; and if it were possible to clear up to some extent this feature of the problem — the relation between force and matter — then also the relation between the soul and natural forces would be forwarded to a great extent.

The unquestionable existence of reason, will, and consciousness compels us to acknowledge the existence of a special world of relations of this kind, and any rational conclusion in relation to this special world cannot be accepted as proved quite in the same manner. Knowledge of physics and mechanics does not give anything in relation to chemistry or in relation to the existence of celestial bodies.

We must simply confess that it is impossible to comprehend this question in a general way, but it would be sheer nonsense to ignore the physical world; and as matter and natural forces must be acknowledged as eternal, it is also probable that the soul is eternal.

Dimitri Ivanovitch Mendélieff.



I AM inclined to regard the question [of immortality] as lying wholly without the pale of science, properly so called. The latter, in my opinion, concerns itself only with those conceptions and relations of things which are directly or indi-

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rectly the result of experience. But no one now living has had any experience on the subject in question; and, even if we admit the hypothesis of immortality, it is difficult to see how we could ever reach any proof of it derived from experience.

Our nervous systems are so constituted that they can perceive only the material in form; and thus even if disembodied spirits exist, there is no way in which they could make their existence known to us.

* * * *

A consciousness which can survive the dissolution of the material organism and a consciousness which cannot, are of two distinct orders, between which no connecting link is possible. If man, as now constituted, is only the last in a series of forms of organic existence, starting from the lowest, and if consciousness itself has been a gradual development, akin to that of awaking slowly and gradually from a profound sleep, then it seems difficult to assign any link in the series at which we can suppose so great a break to have occurred as is implied in the passage from mortality to immortality.

Simon Newcomb.



PERSONALLY, I have felt as certain about the immortality of the individual as I have about the truth of mathematics, being sure that any theory that any one may form of the world will logically

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involve the immortality of the individual. Only by misunderstanding the logical sequence can one arrive at any conclusion which denies immortality.

William T. Harris.



THE question is not one that has, as yet, been solved with scientific certainty. But there is a great probability now given us through psychical and spiritistic researches, that there is a continued existence of the soul after death, preserving a weak identity, to which the persistent soul can add new life and growth from the surrounding media.

Cesare Lombroso.



THE arguments from reason by which the immortality of the soul is maintained are well known. But there is another argument, the scope of which has been so immensely enlarged in modern times that the disregard of it by the ancients does not count against its inherent validity. This is the general consent of the race. The future existence of the soul has been held as a matter of popular belief by the people of every age and country. . . . There are exceptions, but these are just enough to confirm the rule. The great body of the human family in every age have held, as they hold now, that the soul survives the body; and there is no way

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of accounting for this unanimity but by admitting the truth of the doctrine. . . . A judgment held so long, so widely, and by such different races, must be deemed to be correct.

George Frederick Wright.



I DARE say that we cannot sharply enough distinguish between the general results of scientific conviction and our subjective ideas and sentiments, or what we may call our Credo.

As for the first, I think we hitherto are not aware of a single fact or argument objectively and scientifically proving or even favoring individual immortality; whilst on the contrary, there exists no fact or argument absolutely refuting and excluding that hypothesis. "Ignoramus" and (as we may say with Du Bois-Reymond) "ignorabimus."

Albert Eulenberg.



AS to the nature of this supposed immortality, science can have little to say. One thing, however, can be asserted. We cannot be sure of retaining our personality intact, although a great change might not be any cause for regret. As we change our personality in the course of time during this life, we cannot be sure of retaining it in another. But we do not always regret the change

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which time produces here; in fact, we may generally rejoice in it. Then there is a question as to the necessary isolation or distinction of consciousness from each other, all which may be relegated to the region of speculation.

Edward D. Cope.



SCIENCE postulates the immortality, not of the human soul alone, but of the soul of the least atom of matter. Consciousness results from the eternal activities of the universe, is their highest and grandest product, and not one atom nor atomic movement is ever lost. The immortality of science is the eternity of matter and its motions in the production of phenomena, and science will always object to all unphilosophical attempts to confound phenomena with these.

Lester F. Ward.



THERE are no facts known to modern science which make it difficult to believe in the survival of individual consciousness after the death of the body. . . .

There is much in the discoveries of psychic science not only to support or strengthen the belief in immortality, but to convert that belief into knowledge. . . .

These questions are quite within the pale of

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scientific investigation, and susceptible of being answered by science in a way which goes far toward justifying faith by knowledge of the truth.

When our scientists as a body shall have recognized the reality and grasped the significance of the alleged phenomena of so-called "modern spiritualism; of telepathy; of mesmerism or hypnotism; of clairvoyance and clairaudience; of phantasms of the living and phantoms of the dead; of sundry other occurrences already well known, and to some extent understood by competent psychic scientists,—then, and not till then, will formal science furnish the natural basis of religious belief. In my judgment that time is nearer than many of us suppose.

Elliott Coues.



PHYSIOLOGISTS who affirm that the soul does not exist, are like their ancestors who affirmed that they felt pain in their finger or their foot. They are little less far from the truth, but they stop on the way when they stop at the brain, and make the human being consist only of brain impressions. This theory is all the less excusable because these same physiologists know perfectly well that personal sensation is always accompanied by a modification of substance. In other words, the *ego* of the individual only continues when the identity of its matter ceases to continue.



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Souls conscious of their individuality, or still unconscious of it, are by their very nature beyond the conditions of time and space. After the death of the body, as during life, they occupy no place; perhaps some of them go to dwell in other worlds. Those only who are freed from material bonds can be conscious of their extra-corporeal existence and immortality.

* * * *

The soul's destiny is to free itself more and more from the material world, and to belong to the lofty Uranian life, whence it can look down upon matter and suffer no more. It then enters upon the spiritual life, eternally pure. The supreme aim of all beings is the perpetual approach to absolute perfection and divine happiness.

Camille Flammarion.



THE only direct evidence that can claim scientific inquiry, which goes to show the persistence of the individual after the body dies, is that afforded by the so-called occult phenomena; by the alleged appearance of spirits, or the communication with what appear to some inquirers to be the minds of the departed.

Notwithstanding their urgent disinclination to meddle with or be meddled by the problems of spiritualism, the men of science have a natural in-

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terest in the inquiries of the few true observers who are dredging in that turbid sea. Trusting to the evident scientific faithfulness of these hardy explorers, it appears evident that they have brought up from that deep sea certain facts which, though shadowed by doubt, indicate the persistence of the individual consciousness after death. It has, moreover, to be confessed that these few, and as yet imperfect, observations are fortified by the fact that through all the ages of his contact with Nature man has firmly held to the notion that the world was peopled with disembodied individualities which could appeal to his own intelligence. Such a conviction is itself worth something, though it be little; supported by any critical evidence it becomes of much value. Thus we may fairly conjecture that we may be on the verge of something like a demonstration that the individual consciousness does survive the death of the body by which it was nurtured.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

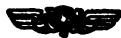


THE vague question of former times narrows down then to the more precise question: Are there still coincidences, is there still evidence of some such definite type as this, showing that a phantasm can appear not only at, but *after*, a man's bodily death, and can still indicate connection with a persistent and individual life?

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To this distinct question there can now be given, as I believe, a distinct and affirmative answer. When evidence has been duly analyzed, when alternative hypotheses have been duly weighed, it seems to me that there is no real break in the appearance of veridical phantasms, or in their causation at the moment of bodily death; but rather that (after setting aside all merely subjective post-mortem apparitions) there is evidence that the self-same living spirit is still operating, and it may be in the self-same way. And thus my general dogma will have received its specific confirmation. Telepathy, I have said, looks like a law prevailing in the spiritual as well as in the material world. And that it does so prevail, I now add, is proved by the fact that those who communicated with us telepathically in this world communicate with us telepathically from the other. Man, therefore, is not a planetary or a transitory being; he persists as very man among the cosmic and eternal things.

Frederick W. H. Myers.



IF the soul really, in the way that we have seen, possesses an independent existence upon a plane other than that of matter, we cannot suppose it to be necessarily involved in the death of the physical body. Rather ought we to think that it returns to

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the invisible world whence it emanated, there to fulfil the course of its unending destinies.

Thus formulated faith in survival seems to us to be the inevitable consequence of the scientific conception of the human soul; but although it may furnish us in principle with the formal affirmation for which we sought, it cannot satisfy our restless curiosity, for it knows nothing of the conditions in which that future life shall be passed.

Louis L. Baclé (Louis Elbé).



THE whole tendency of modern science is to show that immortality, not necessarily of "personal consciousness," but immortality in a broad sense, appears to be a necessary consequence of the workings of the laws of nature. Investigations in every subject are leading us to a clearer recognition of the truth; and I have strong faith that the more clearly we recognize it, the better we shall be. Our views on many subjects are undergoing change,—in most cases, I am convinced, for the better. Should our views regarding the immortality of "personal consciousness" undergo a radical change, higher views of man's relations to the universe would take their place, and still stronger reasons for living honest, righteous lives would be recognized.

Ira Remsen.

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THE question of immortality is clearly within the pale of the mental sciences, and the application to them of the rigorous and precise methods of physical science is most important. The results so far obtained by this method are negative; and the belief of a scientific man, like that of any one else, must be based entirely on faith.

Edward C. Pickering.



I AM, for all personal purposes, convinced of the persistence of human existence beyond bodily death; and though I am unable to justify that belief in a full and complete manner, yet it is a belief which has been produced by scientific evidence that is based upon facts and experience.

Sir Oliver Lodge.



WHILST I disclaim the possession of any personal experience tending to directly demonstrate there is an existence beyond death, yet, I must confess, that I have always had what I will call an emotive certainty or a feeling-insight that there is that in my mind which will persist after the death and dissolution of my body. You ask me for my reason for this certainty, and I reply that I have no reasons, but that such is unmistakably and ineradicably my very definite feeling,— it is not, as

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I said before, an intellectual conclusion, but an emotive or esthetic insight. . . .

I find in the very nature of my consciousness a feeling of immeasurable oldness — an echo of time immemorial as well as a feeling of necessary endlessness, and I cannot reason away these feelings. Do not understand me to say that I have memories of any former existence or previsions of any future existence, — that to which I refer is far more fundamental than would be such reminiscences and previsions: I cognize in the very nature of consciousness a characteristic that is eternally old and co-eternal with Space, Duration, and Truth. When I am aware of my consciousness I feel and know that there is in it a factor that was present primordially in the beginningless Cosmos. This feeling is part of my consciousness just as surely as is my love for scientific research or my desire for world-betterment or my veneration for the All; I did not put these feelings there — I found them there when I grew old enough to introspect my mind, and there, in spite of recurrent doubt and criticism, they have remained. This feeling-insight of the endless perpetuity of my conscious identity is one of great certainty — I feel entirely sure that there is for my consciousness a To-morrow after death.

Elmer Gates.



V

THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH

THE Church knows two lives which have been divinely declared and commended to her: of these one is in faith, the other in appearance; one is in the time of pilgrimage, the other in the eternity of habitation; one in toil, the other in rest; one on the way, the other in the kingdom; one discerns good and evil, the other gazes only at what is good. The first is only spent here until the end of the world, and there finds its end; the second has its completion deferred until after the end of this world, but in the world to come has no end.

St. Augustine.

V. THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH



OW blessed and wonderful, be-
loved, are the gifts of God!

Life in immortality! brightness
in righteousness! truth in full
assurance! faith in confidence!
temperance in holiness!

And all this has God sub-
jected to our understandings:

What, therefore, shall those things be which he
has prepared for them that wait for him?

The Creator and Father of spirits, the most
Holy; he only knows both the greatness and
beauty of them.

St. Clement.



IT is by death that God sets us free from the
chains of this mortal body.

St. Cyprian.



THIS life in the body is by no means to be re-
garded as miserable or painful to itself, but
simply believed to be what medicine is to the sick,
swimming to the shipwrecked, learning to young
men, military service to future commanders; that
is to say — an endurance of the present state which
should avail as preparation for the prize of a blessed
immortality.

St. Hilary.

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THE soul is immortal, and all souls are alike, both of men and women; only there is a difference of person. There is not one order of souls which by nature sin, and another order of souls which by nature act righteously, but both act from choice, the essence of the soul being one in kind and alike in all.

St. Cyril.



IS it a misfortune to pass from infancy to youth? Still less can it be a misfortune to go from this miserable life to that true life into which we are introduced by death. Our first changes are connected with the progressive development of life. The new change which death effects is only the passage to a more desirable perfection. To complain of the necessity of dying is to accuse Nature of not having condemned us to perpetual infancy.

St. Gregory of Nyssa.



TOGETHER we two held converse very sweet, and “forgetting those things which were behind, and reaching forth unto those things which were before” (Phil. iii: 13), we were discussing between us in the presence of the truth, which Thou art, of what kind would be that eternal life of the Saints, which “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,

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neither hath it entered into the heart of man” (1 Cor. ii: 9). But with the mouth of our heart we were panting for the heavenly streams of Thy fount,—“the fountain of life, which is with Thee” (Ps. xxxvi: 9), that besprinkled thence according to our capacity we might in some manner meditate upon so great a matter. . . . And while we thus speak and pant after it, with the whole stress of our hearts we just for an instant touched it, and we sighed, and left then bound “the first fruits of the spirit” (Rom. viii: 23), and then returned to the broken murmurs of our own mouth, where the word hath its beginning and its end.

From The Confessions of St. Augustine.



IF there is to be no future life, we are in this respect of far meaner account than the things which have been made for our sake; for both the heaven and the earth and the sea are more lasting than we are; and even some of the brutes . . . have a longer enjoyment of the present life. To us, moreover, the present life is full of toil and care and sorrow; and if there were no future life to make up for the present, then it would seem as if God had made slaves better than their masters.

St. Chrysostom.

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OUR Redeemer underwent death that we might not fear to die; He manifested the resurrection that we might have a sure hope that we are capable of rising again.

St. Gregory the Great.



DEATH is the voice of my Master calling me home.

St. Anselm.



MAN, if thou desirest a noble and holy life, and unceasingly prayest to God for it, if thou continue constant in this thy desire, it will be granted unto thee without fail, even if only in the day or hour of thy death; and if God should not give it thee then, thou shalt find it in Him in Eternity: of this be assured.

St. Bernard.



AND grant us Lord who cry to Thee,
And hold the faith in unity!
Thy precious gifts of charity.
That we may live in holiness;
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with Thee in lasting bliss!

From "Veni, Sancte Spiritu."
Attributed to Pope Innocent III.

THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH

PRAISED be Thou, O my Lord, of Sister Death,
the death of the body, from whom no man living
may escape, but woe unto them that shall die in
deadly sin, and blessed be they that shall walk
according to Thy most holy will, for unto them
shall the second death do no hurt!

St. Francis of Assisi
Composed on his deathbed.



BUT consider, my son, the fruit of these labors,
the end near at hand, and the reward exceeding
great; and thou wilt not grudge to bear them,
rather thou wilt have the strongest comfort of Thy
patience.

For instead of that little of thy will, which now
thou so readily forsakest, thou shalt always have
thy will in Heaven.

There surely thou shalt find all that thou mayest
wish, all that thou shalt be able to desire.

There thou shalt have within thy reach all good,
without fear of losing it.

There shall thy will be ever one with Mine; it
shall not covet any outward or private thing.

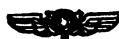
There none shall withstand thee, no man shall
complain of thee, no man hinder thee, nothing can
come in thy way; but all things thou canst desire
shall be there together present, and refresh thy
whole affection, and fill it to the brim.

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There I will give the glory for the reproach which here thou sufferedst, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, for the lowest place a kingly throne forever.

There shall the fruit of obedience appear, the labor of repentance shall rejoice, and humble subjection shall be gloriously crowned.

Thomas à Kempis.



WHAT is our death but a night's sleep? For as through sleep all weariness and faintness pass away and cease, and the power of the spirit comes back again, so that in the morning we rise fresh, and strong, and joyous; so at the last day we shall rise again, as if we had only slept a night, and shall be fresh and strong.



Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in the springtime.



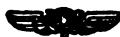
“Reserved in heaven for you.” It is certain that this imperishable, undefiled, and unfading inheritance is ours. It is only for a little while concealed from us, until we close our eyes and are buried, when we shall surely find and behold it if we believe. We wait for this priceless inheritance in the hope to which we have attained through faith.

Martin Luther.

• THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH

IT is no wonder, indeed, if our natural feelings should be alarmed at hearing of our dissolution. But it is intolerable that there should not be in a Christian breast sufficient light of piety to overcome and suppress all that fear with superior consolation. For if we consider that this unstable, depraved, corruptible, frail, withering, and rotten tabernacle of our body is dissolved, in order that it may hereafter be restored to a durable, perfect, incorruptible, and heavenly glory; will not faith constrain us ardently to desire what nature dreads? If we consider, that by death we are recalled from exile to inhabit our own country, and that a heavenly one, shall we derive thence no consolation? But it will be said, There is nothing that does not desire to be permanent. I admit it; and contend that we ought therefore to direct our views to a future immortality, where we may obtain a fixed condition, which is nowhere to be found on earth.

John Calvin.



AFTER the general resurrection, when our soules and bodies shall ryse agayne to immortallitie, . . . then we which have forsaken all man's wisdome to cleave unto Christ, shall heare that joyfull voice, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherite ye the kingdome prepared for you frome the beginnyng of the world," and so shall go triumph-

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ing with him in bodye and soule, to remayne everlasting in glorie, where we shall see God face to face, and shall no more nede one to instructe an other; for we shall all knowe him, from the hyghest to the loweste: To whome, withe the Sonne and the Holy Ghost, be all praise, honor, and glorie, nowe and ever. So be it.

John Knox.



LET a man never so much smother and suppress the truth; let him, with all the art he can, divert his conceits and entangle his thought in secular cases, let him shut his eyelids as close as his nail is to his flesh, yet the flashes of immortality are of so penetrative and searching a nature, that they will undoubtedly get through all the obstacles which a mind not wholly overdaubed with worldliness and ignorance can put between.

Bishop Reynolds.



THE world dares say no more of its devices than "dum spiro spero" (whilst I breathe, I hope); but the children of God can add, by virtue of this living hope, "dum expiro spero" (whilst I expire, I hope).

Archbishop Leighton.



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IF thou wilt be fearless of death, endeavor to be in love with the felicities of saints and angels, and be once persuaded to believe that there is a condition of living better than this; that there are creatures more noble than we; that above there is a country better than ours; that the inhabitants know more and know better, and are in places of rest and desire; and first learn to value it, and then learn to purchase it, and death cannot be a formidable thing, that lets into so much joy and so much felicity.

Jeremy Taylor.



THE last jewel of our crown is, that it will be an *everlasting rest*. Without this all were comparatively nothing. The very joy of leaving it would embitter all our joys. . . . Mortality is the disgrace of all sublunary delights. How it spoils our pleasure to see it dying in our hands! But, O blessed eternity! where our lives are perplexed with no such thoughts, nor our joys interrupted with any such fears! where "we shall be pillars in the temple of God, and go no more out." . . . "O my soul, let go thy dreams of present pleasures, and loose thy hold of earth and flesh. Study frequently, study thoroughly, this one word — Eternity. What! Live, and never die! Rejoice and ever rejoice!" O happy souls in hell, should you escape after millions of ages! O miserable saints

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in heaven, should you be dispossessed after the age of a million of worlds! This word, everlasting, contains the perfection of their torment and of our glory. "And must I, Lord, thus live forever? Then will I also love forever. Must my joys be immortal? and shall not my thanks be also immortal? Surely, if I shall never lose my glory, I will never cease thy praises. . . . And as thy glory was thy ultimate end in my glory, so shall it also be my end, when thou hast crowned me with that glory which hath no end. 'Unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory, forever and ever.'"

Richard Baxter.



LET dissolution come when it will, it can do the Christian no harm, for it will be but a passage out of a prison into a palace; out of a sea of troubles into a haven of rest; out of a crowd of enemies to an innumerable company of true, loving, and faithful friends; out of shame, reproach, and contempt, into exceeding great and eternal glory.

John Bunyan.



FROM whence comes it that men are so reluctant and incredulous, in accepting this happy revelation of their immortality? The impious say that they are without hope; that in a few days

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they will be plunged, forever, into that gulf of annihilation. When we reply to them that there is a resource in life eternal, they are exasperated against this remedy. . . . Why? Because they prefer to perish, rather than to live eternally, constraining themselves to embrace virtue.

Fénelon.



NOW we appear and depart again, but then we shall abide with God forever. Now we go down from the mount of converse with God, into the world of temptation, and sin, and business, and care: We appear upon Mount Horeb, or Pisgah, and we take a little view of the promised land; but we go down as the children of Israel did, to fight with the Canaanites, the giants that are in the valley, — our mighty sins, our strong corruptions. In this valley of tears we must have a conflict before we get to the promised land; there every worshipper has in his hand a palm of complete victory, and he is forever discharged from fighting.

So necessary is the presence of the saints in heaven, that our Lord Jesus Christ has represented them as pillars of that building. . . . We are lively stones in that building which God will forever inhabit. Now we come to the house of God as visitants; but there, as inhabitants, as the children of God, who abide forever in the house. There every saint obtains what holy David wished for,

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and that in the literal perfection of it, that he might dwell in the house of the Lord *forever.*

Isaac Watts.



SINCE it has pleased the Lord to open the eyes of my spirit . . . it has been given me to see the things which are in the spiritual world, as well as to describe them. I can asseverate that they are not visions but things seen in all wakefulness.

I have been permitted to hold intercourse with the angels, and also to converse with the inhabitants of hell; and this now for many years. . . . I have been permitted to converse with all whom I have ever known in this life of the body . . . so many that I should not exaggerate were I to say a hundred thousand, — of whom many were in the heavens, and many in the hells. . . . They wished me to say that they were not dead but alive, being men now just the same as before, and they had only migrated from one world to another; and that they were not conscious of having lost anything, since they were in a body and in the possession of bodily senses as before; and in the enjoyment of understanding and will as before; and that they had thoughts, affections, sensations, and desires, similar to those which they had in the world.

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The delight which is inherent in the love of doing good without any view to reward is in itself an eternal reward; for heaven and eternal happiness are inseminated into that good by the Lord.

Emanuel Swedenborg.



IT is a vain thought which some have entertained, that death will put an end to the soul as well as the body; it will put an end to neither the one nor the other; it will only alter the manner of their existence. But when the body "returns to the dust as it was, the spirit will return to God that gave it."

"Thou art God from everlasting: " — Here is an expression of that eternity which is past: "To everlasting: " — Here is an expression of that eternity which is to come. . . . But leaving one of these unbounded seas to the Father of eternity, to whom alone duration without beginning belongs, let us turn our thoughts on duration without end. This is not an incommunicable attribute of the great Creator; but he has been graciously pleased to make innumerable multitudes of his creatures partakers of it. He has imparted this not only to angels and archangels, and all the companies of heaven, who are not intended to die, but to glorify him, and live in his presence forever; but also to the inhabitants

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of the earth, who dwell in houses of clay. Their bodies indeed are “crushed before the moth”; but their souls will never die. God made them, as an ancient writer speaks, to be “pictures of his own eternity.” Indeed all spirits, we have reason to believe, are clothed in immortality; having no inward principle of corruption, and being liable to no external violence.

John Wesley.



IT is an argument that the Old Testament affords for the proof of a future life and immortality, that we are then taught, that mortality is brought in by sin, and comes as a punishment of sin. Therefore, it is natural to suppose, that when complete forgiveness is promised, and perfect restoration to favor, and deliverance from death, and the bestowment of life, as the fruit of this favor, eternal life and immortality is intended. . . . It is not to be supposed that God would make man such a creature as to be capable of looking forward beyond death, and capable of knowing and loving Him, and delighting in Him as the fountain of all good, and should make it his duty so to do, which will necessarily increase in him a dread of annihilation, and an eager desire of immortality; and yet, so order it, that that desire should be disappointed; so that his loving his Creator should in some sense make him the more miserable.

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Nothing is more manifest than that it is absolutely necessary, in order to a man's being thoroughly, universally and steadfastly virtuous, that his mind and heart should be thoroughly weaned from this world; which is a great evidence that God intends another world for virtuous men. He surely would not require them, in their thoughts, affections and expectations, wholly to relinquish this world, if it were all the world they were to expect: if he had made them for this world wholly and only, and had created the world for them, to be their only country and home, all the resting place ever designed for them.

Jonathan Edwards.



THE arguments to be derived from the light of nature in favor of the immortality of the soul, amount to a strong probability; all the probability is on this side, and there is none on the other; and it ought to influence our conduct.

Timothy Dwight.



NO man who is fit to live need fear to die. To us here, death is the most terrible thing we know. But when we have tasted its reality it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what health is to the sick man; what

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home is to the exile; what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it, a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's great morning lighting up the sky. Our fears are the terror of children in the night. The night with its terrors, its darkness, its feverish dreams, is passing away; and when we awake it will be into the sunlight of God.

Andrew Fuller.



THE enlightened, the confirmed Christian, cannot doubt his own immortality. As Christians, we are bound to give a fair exemplification of our religion before the world. As candidates for immortality, it is our first duty and our highest interest to walk worthily of our Christian vocation.

Aaron Bancroft.



IF the mere conception of the reunion of good men in a future state infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation, for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions, could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel who are assured of such an event by the true sayings of God! How should we rejoice in the prospect — the certainty, rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth; of seeing them emerge

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from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected. What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labor of the way, and to approach not the house but the throne of God in company, in order to join in the symphony of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amid the splendors and fruitions of the beatific vision.

Robert Hall.



IS man immortal or is he not? Upon this short question depends all that is valuable in science, in morals, and in theology; and all that is most interesting to man as a social being, and as a rational and accountable intelligence. If he is destined to an eternal existence, an immense importance must attach to all his present affections, actions, and pursuits; but if his whole existence be circumscribed within the circle of a few fleeting years, man appears an enigma, an inexplicable phenomenon in the universe, human life a mystery, the world a scene of confusion, virtue a mere phantom, the Creator a capricious being, and His plans and arrangements an inextricable mass.

Thomas Dick.



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I HAVE been reviewing my evidences, and I conclude that I have a right to hope.

Lyman Beecher.



IMMORTALITY is the glorious discovery of Christianity. . . . Before Christ immortality was a conjecture or a vague hope. Jesus, by his teaching and resurrection, has made it a certainty.

* * * *

How full, how bright are the evidences of this grand truth. How weak are the common arguments which scepticism arrays against it. To me there is but one objection against immortality, if objection it may be called, and this arises from the very greatness of the truth. My mind sometimes sinks under its weight, is lost in its immensity; I scarcely dare believe that such a good is placed within my reach. When I think of myself as existing through all future ages, . . . as exempted from every imperfection and error of my present being, . . . as looking on the outward universe with an organ of vision that will reveal to me a beauty and harmony and order not now imagined, and as having an access to the minds of the wise and the good, which will make them in a sense my own; . . . when this thought of my future comes to me, whilst I hope, I also fear, the blessedness

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seems too great; the consciousness of present weakness and unworthiness is almost too strong for hope.

But when, in this frame of mind, I look round on the creation, and see there the marks of an omnipotent goodness, to which nothing is impossible, and from which everything may be hoped; . . . when I look next at the human mind, and see what powers a few years have unfolded, and discern in it the capacity of everlasting improvement; and especially when I look at Jesus, the conqueror of death, the heir of immortality, who has gone as the forerunner of mankind into the mansions of light and purity, I can and do admit the almost overpowering thought of the everlasting life, growth, felicity of the human soul.

To each of us is this felicity offered. . . . It cannot be forced upon us; from its nature it must be won. Immortal happiness is nothing more than the unfolding of our own minds, the full, bright exercises of our best powers. . . . Dream not of a heaven into which you may enter, live here as you may. To such as waste the present state, the future will not, cannot bring happiness. . . . A human being who has lived without God, and without self-improvement, can no more enjoy Heaven than a mouldering body, lifted from the tomb and placed amid beautiful prospects, can enjoy the light through its decayed eyes, or feel the balmy air which blows away its dust. Immortality is a

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glorious doctrine; but not given us for speculation or amusement. Its happiness is to be realized only through our own struggles with ourselves, only through our reaching forward to new virtue and piety. To be joined with Christ in Heaven, we must be joined with him now in spirit, in the conquest of temptation, in charity and well-doing.

William Ellery Channing.



ADD together ages of ages, multiply them by the leaves on the trees, the sand on the seashore, and the dust of the earth, still you will be no nearer the termination of Jehovah's existence than when you first began your calculation. And let us remember that the duration of his existence is the only measure of our own. As it respects futurity, we are all as immortal as Jehovah himself.

Edward Payson.



TO live one's self again, but in a glorified body, a new and glorious life, such is the promise of the Gospel. Souls who have met each other here below, and who have learned to know and love each other mutually, will know and love each other far more intimately when they find themselves in the presence of God. When imperfection will be lost

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in perfection; when faith will be changed to sight, and love, brought near to the source of all love, brought near to love itself, which is God, will but increase, and become more and more pure.

Johann August Wilhelm Neander.



THE "eternal life" in God is that in God Himself which makes Him blessed. God's blessedness must have a cause. It must spring from what He is; and the "eternal life" which was "with the Father" is that thing in God which makes God infinitely blessed.

Do not imagine it too bold to enter on this ground, and to consider wherein God's blessedness consists. It is not forbidden ground to those who are intended to be partakers of a Divine nature — "to be heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ."

* * * *

When I speak of "eternal life," I mean nothing else than that life which is in God, and which makes God to be infinitely blessed; and when God declares that He has *given* us eternal life, I understand Him as meaning nothing less than that He gives us a participation in that life which He has had from all eternity.

John McLeod Campbell.

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HEAVEN is as much a necessity to men as bread, and souls can no more live without the supernatural than the senses without matters of sense. In the same way we have given back to us here the most solid, only sufficient proof of immortality. How often do we stagger at this point, even the best of us. All mere rational arguments here fall quite short of the mark. They never establish any body. And yet every man ought to know his immortality, even as he knows that he is alive. He is made to have an immediate, self-asserting consciousness of immortality, and would never have a doubt of it if he had not shut up and darkened the divine side of his soul. And for just the same reason Christ, when he opens the soul, opens immortality also.

* * * *

Immortality! why, the dead Christ proves it. And again the resurrection proves it; for what could such a being do but rise? It would even be a greater wonder if he did not. Away to their native abyss fly all our doubts — life and immortality are brought to light through the gospel!

Horace Bushnell.



AS an instance of a great spirit that bears no mark of mortality, in a word, as the Representative Man of our race, in whom the transcendent

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possibilities of our nature are actualized, he [Jesus] is the hope and the pledge of the immortal in us.

Such is the relation in which I hold him to stand to our most sacred aspirations. There is nothing mystical here, nor dogmatic. Once let the idea of him be enthroned in our hearts, animating our affections, kindling the imagination, and then veneration, trust, love, our highest sentiments, will spring into action, and you will have an irresistible consciousness of a life drawn from no mortal springs, from no sources over which death has any power but to make them flow in a richer stream, a life within as undying as God himself. You will no longer care to pry into the grave. Every day you will be entering deeper and deeper into life, passing from the valley of the shadow of death up to the unclouded heights of Being. Every day this corruptible will be putting on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality.

William Henry Furness.



OUR spiritual, ethereal essence had its symbol in the heaven-ascending flame which the heathen carved upon their tombs; and their hopes of immortality were expressed as well by the lamp they lighted amid the gloom of the sepulchre as by the evergreen garlands that crowned the monuments

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of their dead. This hope has been a star that shone in every sky, a flower that bloomed in the poorest soil, a flame that burned in the coldest bosom.

Thomas Guthrie.



TO think, then, that we are honoring the resurrection by dishonoring the expectations of immortality which men in the foregone ages had derived from one source or another, is surely monstrous. Supposing they were only the guesses of half a dozen earnest and thoughtful men, would those guesses be confounded and not established by the later discovery? Does any scientific man scoff at Galileo or Copernicus, because they had adopted a conclusion which Newton proved?

It is not true that those who brought forward these arguments for immortality were opposing themselves to the rest of the world. *They were trying to justify a belief.*

Frederick Denison Maurice.



WE do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.

James Martineau.

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OH, that this ceaseless current of years and of seasons were teaching us wisdom; that we were so improving the futurity that lies before us, that when death shall lay us in our graves, we may, on the morning of the resurrection, emerge into a scene of bliss too rapturous for conception, and too magnificent for the attempts of the loftiest eloquence.

William Hanna.



THE life of the soul is immortal, an image of God's own eternity. It lives on in sleep; it lives on through death; it lives even more abundantly, and with fuller and mightier energy. This life is the childhood of eternity.

Cardinal Manning.



IN childhood the consciousness of immortal life buds forth feeble though full of promise. In the man it unfolds its fragrant petals — his most celestial flower — to mature its seed throughout eternity.

* * * *

When the stiffened body goes down to the tomb, sad, silent, remorseless, I feel that there is no death for the man; it is then I feel immortality; I look through the grave into heaven; I ask no miracle, no proof, no reasoning for me; I ask no risen dust to teach me immortality; I am conscious of eternity.

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It is of great comfort to have in your soul a sure trust in Immortality: of great value here and now to anticipate Time and live to-day the Eternal Life. That we may all do. The joys of heaven will begin as soon as we attain the character of heaven and do its duties. That may begin to-day. It is everlasting life to know God — to have his spirit dwelling in you — yourself at one with Him. Try that and prove its worth. Justice, usefulness, wisdom, religion, love, are the best things we hope for in Heaven. Try them on — they will fit you here not less becomingly. They are the best things of earth. Think no outlay of goodness and piety too great. You will find your reward begin here. As much goodness and piety, so much heaven. Men will not pay you — God will; pay you now; pay you hereafter and forever.

Theodore Parker.



WE picture death as coming to destroy; let us rather picture Christ as coming to save. We think of death as ending; let us rather think of life as beginning, and that more abundantly. We think of losing; let us think of gaining. We think of parting; let us think of meeting. We think of going away; let us think of arriving. And as the voice of death whispers, "you must go from earth," let us hear the voice of Christ, saying, "you are but coming to me!"

Norman McLeod.

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THIS doctrine has not in the teachings of Jesus the appearance of a fresh philosophical theory, or of a new truth, kindling in him a constant surprise of intensity. It seems rather like unconscious knowledge. He speaks of the great invisible world as if it had always lain before Him, and as familiarly as to us stretches out the landscape which we have seen since our birth. The assertion of a future state is scarcely to be met with in His teachings: the assumption of it pervades them.

Henry Ward Beecher.



GOD is our Father. Heaven is his high throne, and this earth is his footstool. While we sit around, and meditate, or pray, one by one, as we fall asleep he lifts us into his bosom, and our waking is inside the gates of an everlasting world.

William Mountford.



WE wish for immortality. The thought of annihilation is horrible; even to conceive it is almost impossible. The wish is a kind of argument: it is not likely that God would have given all men such a feeling if he had not meant to gratify it. Every natural longing has its natural satisfaction. If we thirst, God has created liquids to

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gratify thirst. If we are susceptible of attachment, there are beings to gratify that love. If we thirst for life and love eternal it is likely that there are an eternal life and an eternal love to satisfy that craving.

Frederick W. Robertson.



EXPERIENCE and science do not find in Nature any such thing as annihilation and extinction of being. Modes and forms resulting from, or dependent on, organic or mechanical arrangements of parts or elements are destroyed. But this destruction is not an annihilation. It is an alteration or transformation. . . . In bodies, the first elements, the Something, whatever that may be supposed to be, which is the subject of the action of force, is indestructible . . . so, even death is a change in the things which have had life, a dissolution, but not an annihilation.

* * * *

The human soul is a substance simple, indivisible, immaterial, spiritual, having subsistence and life in itself. This is proved by the nature of its highest operations. The senses and sensitive cognition cannot go beyond the material phenomena of single bodies. The human intellect pierces through these to their immaterial ratios and to ideas which are

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purely spiritual. It apprehends universals, being, genus, substance, intelligence, necessary truths, the first and final cause. This is a super-organic, purely spiritual operation. From the nature of an action we determine the essence of the agent. It follows, therefore, from the nature of human intelligence, that the human intellect is spiritual in its essence. As such, . . . it is one of the indestructibles in Nature, and the chief among all that exist on this earth.

Father Hecker.



HE must be an unobservant man who can persuade himself that the belief in immortality has lost its hold on live minds, and he must be a stubbornly opinionated man who has persuaded himself that either philosophy or science pronounces finally against it.

* * * *

At the bar of reason both sides plead. The case is not closed, nor is it likely to be. . . . The children of the heart give no sign of a disposition to surrender their faith. The conscience still prophesies, the soul still aspires. And so it will be until the ancient petition shall be answered: "May thy kingdom come. May thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

Octavius B. Frothingham.

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AFTER we come to mature years, there is nothing of which we are so vividly conscious as of the swiftness of time. Its brevity and littleness are the themes of poets, novelists, and preachers.

Yet there is nothing of which there is so much — nor day nor night, ocean nor sky, winter nor summer equal it. It is the perpetual flow from the inexhaustible fountain of eternity: — And we have no adequate conception of our earthly life until we think of it, and live in it as a part of Forever. Now is eternity and will be, to-morrow and next day, through the endless years of God.

Horatio Stebbins.



WHETHER we walk in the morning light or in the night shadows, — over, around, and beneath us are spread these Everlasting Arms. . . . How real becomes the unseen world, no longer unfamiliar, but warm with the treasures and light of home! How we look through the half-opened gates into its glory and its peace, where the innocence and beauty of childhood must dwell in the life of which they are the image; and the ties that have been broken must be preserved in the love that made them ours; and the powers we would have trained here must be unfolded in the same care that inspired our striving, and will not let it be in vain.

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I wish I could tell you how firmly I believe that feelings like these, so often treated as illusion, are *true*, of God's own tender giving; that in them is the very heart of his teaching through the mystery that we call death. Our affections are *forbidden by their Maker* to doubt their own immortality. What protest they make against the destruction of what is still intensest reality to them, when all that the senses could hold by is gone forever.

Samuel Johnson.



THIS world is simply the threshold of our vast life; the first stepping-stone from nonentity into the boundless expanse of possibility. It is the infant-school of the soul. The physical universe spread out before us, and the spiritual trials and mysteries of our discipline are simply our primer, our grammar, our spelling-dictionary, to teach us something of the language we are to use in our maturity.

Thomas Starr King.



IN the whole interpretation of this higher life, science cannot help us, and admits that it cannot. And so we are thrown back with a new interest upon the developments of that side of our being, upon the great masters of spiritual life, and most of all on Christ. In him I feel that we have the

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most perfect expression of that divine meaning which is embodied in the universe. And so in this matter of the life to come, when I have thought and thought, and sometimes become dazed with thinking, I turn to Christ. I see how his teachings are alive with this feeling of immortality; how he could never think of death except as a falling asleep or as going to the Father. There I finally rest. Humanity, at its highest, where it seems consciously to touch the divine, utters the same thought which speaks in the dumb instincts of human nature at its lowest — that this life is not all, that man is to live again.

Brooke Herford.



WE rest on this: "I go to prepare a place for you," . . . a place not only for us, but for all our peculiar powers. Our ideals shall become more beautiful, and minister continually to fresh aspiration so that stagnation will be impossible. Feelings for which we found no food here shall then be satisfied with work, and exercised by action into exquisite perfection. Faint possibilities of our nature, which came and went before us here like swallows on the wing, shall there be grasped and made realities. The outlines of life shall be filled up, the rough statue of life shall be finished. We shall be not only spiritual men, but men complete in Christ, the perfect flower of humanity.

Stopford A. Brooke.

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THE soul is the principle by which we live and move and have our being. It is that which forms and perpetuates our identity; for it makes us to be the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. The soul has intellectual conceptions and operations of reason and judgment independent of material organs. Our own experience clearly teaches us this important point. Our minds grasp what the senses cannot reach. . . . Such a principle being independent of matter in its operations, must needs be independent of matter also in its being. It is, therefore, of its nature, subject to no corruption resulting from matter. Its life, which is its being, is not extinguished and cannot be extinguished with that of the body.

Cardinal Gibbons.



THERE is a thread of eternity running through human lives, something in all their transitoriness which must endure.

The eternal part of us is not that which God shall choose at some future day to endow with everlasting life. Eternity is a true quality in the thing itself. That which is to exist forever has now in it the essence of its immortality. It is nobler now than the perishable thing beside it. It not merely is to be, it is eternal. The power of the endless life is the power of the present life. That part of

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us which is to outlive the grave, and to go on and on and on into a length of life where the imagination and the faith ache when they try to follow it, is to have that superior continuance only because it has *now* a superior nature, and is to be the permanent part of us because it is now the great and significant part of us.

* * * *

We feel that a loftier spirit might be in all our human life, that there might be more nobility in humanity. Where shall it come from? Let every man and woman count himself immortal. Let him catch the revelation of Jesus in His resurrection. Let him say not merely, "Christ has risen," but "I shall rise." Not merely, "He, underneath all death and change, was unchangeable," but "in me there is something that no stain of earth can tarnish and no stroke of the world can bruise. I, too, am a part of God and have God's immortality in me." Then nobility must come. Until men's souls shall be full not merely of the knowledge, but of the genius of immortality, we shall be the ignoble things we are.

Phillips Brooks.



WE have no scientific demonstration of immortality. No future event can be scientifically demonstrated. All the astronomers and physicists on earth cannot prove that the sun will rise to-

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morrow morning. The future, to the scientific man as well as to the religious man, is the domain of faith, not of knowledge. . . . So far as our reasoning faculties are concerned, the life to come can be to us nothing more than a rational probability. And this probability will not rest on any single line of evidence, but on considerations drawn from many different groups of facts and experiences. The cable of that anchor of hope by which our hearts are held to the life everlasting is braided of many strands. . . .

That Nature for a thousand aeons should have employed herself in awakening, refining, enlarging, strengthening, the religious impulses in the soul of man, when there were no objective facts toward which these impulses could be directed, is not, I think, to the philosophic mind, a credible supposition. Our faith in the integrity of the universe is our warrant for believing that the primary conceptions of religion are everlasting realities. . . .

The testimony of Jesus Christ is to me a word of authority. Above all who have lived on this planet he was surely Master of the lore of the spirit. . . . Just as I would take the word of Edison or Tesla about the laws of electricity . . . certainly, with not less confidence, would I take the word of Jesus Christ upon any great question of the spirit. And his word is always clear and positive and unhesitating. "We speak that we do know," he says, "and testify that we have seen." There is with him

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no argument to prove the life to come; it is assumed as one of the indubitable certainties. Nay, our Lord domesticates it, as it were; he brings it right home to our every-day experience; his word is not immortality — that seems something future, and far away; he calls it eternal life. It begins here, he tells us; we may be living it now. There is a kind of life that in its very nature is deathless; it goes on by its own momentum. This is the life that he is living. They who share his life have the witness in themselves; for them there is no death. The testimony of Jesus is to me a great and solemn assurance, and I rest my soul upon it without fear.

* * * *

Every man, at his best, has the consciousness not only of incompleteness, but of unexhausted powers. As we draw toward the end of life our conception of the vastness of the work opening before us, of the multitude of the things that we might do if there were only time, constantly enlarges. . . . We are just getting ready to work, just beginning to feel the pressure of the great motives of life, when the evening shadows fall, and the day's work is done. If this is the end, existence is a mockery; if God is good, those whose deepest desire is to glorify Him will have another day. . . .

Our confidence in the integrity of Nature and in the persistence of spiritual forces; our belief that evolution does not bring us up to the summits of existence, there to plunge us back again into non-

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entity; our trust in the testimony of Jesus, to whom is given the word of eternal life; our faith in the fidelity of God, who will not mock us by setting before us an impossible ideal,— all join to confirm our expectation of life beyond the grave. It is an ennobling confidence. In the days of darkness, in the hours when the burdens are heavy and the combat is fierce, it lifts up the head and lightens the heart. It is sometimes said to be a selfish faith,— this faith in the life everlasting. But I see not how the triumph of love can be the gain of selfishness. And the man who has the faith most firmly planted in his heart is the man whose life is rooted and grounded in love.

Washington Gladden.



IF I would have a right to the tree of life, if I would have a right to know that there is a tree of life, I must seek this immortal life here, and seek it from the God who is here, and seek it through the channels that he opens for us. If we live here and now the immortal life, then, if we are mistaken and there is no life after the grave, still we shall have been immortal. It were better to live an immortal life and be robbed of the immortality hereafter by some supernal power than to live the mortal, fleshly, animal life, and live it endlessly. Who would not rather have a right to immortality

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than be immortal without a right to be? For myself, I can think of no doom so terrible as that I should live on an endless and worthless life: like the Wandering Jew, condemned to wander through all the ages with nothing in life to live for. What would life be without faith or hope or love?

If we are to pluck the fruit from the tree of life, we must have a right to it. If we would have a rational hope in life hereafter, we must have the immortal life here. To have faith in immortality we must practice immortality.

Lyman Abbott.



OBSERVE the passage in 2 Timothy 1:10, as setting forth what Jesus accomplished for us by His resurrection. That is a beautiful and significant verse: "Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light." Did not the philosophers bring immortality to light? So many believe. But mark the difference between the immortality of faith and the immortality of philosophy. Plato said, "I hope that the dead will live beyond the grave;" Paul said, "I know that the dead will live again this side of the grave. Plato said, "I hope that when the body returns to the grave the soul will go forth like an uncaged eagle and soar away to realms of freedom and tranquillity, forever free from the trammels and fetters of a material body;" Paul knew that the spirit

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that had been separated from the body a little while should go back and rehabit it and lift it up, and that body would be transfigured and glorified and made like the body of Jesus Christ. In other words, Plato believed in the immortality of the soul; Paul believed in the immortality of man — the whole man. God is not satisfied that the spirit should go out and the body lie forever in the grave; but that the two must be brought together — the sanctified body and the sanctified soul — remarried, after the long divorce of sin and death, in the wed-lock of resurrection, never to be divorced again. That is our hope and that is the hope of the gospel.

Adoniram Judson Gordon.



THE gladness of thought, the communion of love, the blessedness of service, the ecstasy of worship, the contemplation of the divine, — these are of the spirit, and partake of Eternity. If it were true that whatever thrills us in the grandeur and beauty of the earth is only a hint of the presence of God, what joy must come from the ever higher and higher manifestation of his presence! . . .

Well would it be for us if it were indeed the faith of our inmost hearts. What darkness could gather on our way if we walked ever in the light of this hope! O spirit! weary with the burdens of life; O wanderer! lost amid its mazes; O sinner!

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struggling with some vice that wraps its folds ever more closely about you; O mourner! stretching forth eager arms after the loved and lost, — how blessed would we all be, if we could open our hearts to the fulness of this promise, to the brightness of this hope!

Charles Carroll Everett.



THE doubt of immortality, that has been of late so common, has been a very serviceable doubt; for it has set men to work in many different ways to find some substitute for immortality as an object of hope when this has been destroyed forever. There could be no grander tribute to the hope of immortality than the high character of the substitutes that men have felt obliged to offer us. Let us be glad that for such as cannot hope for immortality, there are such things for them to stay their hearts upon a little. Let us be glad that these things can be ours, together with the hope of immortality. They are no substitutes, but they are splendid complements. The one book of the time that deals with the great problem of social regeneration, when it has chanted in such tones, as are not elsewhere to be heard, the future of a redeemed and glorified humanity upon the earth, is still unsatisfied. It has a palinode, an after-song of personal immortality.

I welcome all of you, who care to cherish it, to

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the enjoyment of this mighty hope. No science that is worthy of the name has yet denied the possibility of its fulfilment. You may dogmatize, you may not have one word of blame for those who are without belief, and dare not even hope; but if you choose to have it so, this hope is yours by an inalienable right. Cleanse it of all impurity; free it from all selfishness; make it the continent of all best desires, all grandest aspirations; and live as men ought to live who dare to cherish such a hope. Make yourselves indispensable to God.

He will not, oh! believe me, he will not leave your souls in the grave; he will not suffer his holy ones to see corruption!

John W. Chadwick.



THE only rational ground for belief in the possibility of an immortal life is the fact that we are surrounded on every hand by alluring mystery, and a mystery that in certain senses may grow and increase as the ages go by. I am in a little valley. I cannot explain how the grass grows or the flowers bud and spring. I could ask a thousand questions that I could not answer; but my difficulty seems to me little and somewhat comprehensible. I climb up the mountains; and the range in the mystery of the unknown grows with every step of ascent.

So I believe that, as we advance, the mystery of the universe, and of our tender loving Father, God,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

will increase, instead of diminish, at every step. So I can believe that the hope of an immortal life is a sensible hope, because I know I can study and think and advance forever and ever and ever, and never approach getting through; for there is no possibility of getting through with the Infinite.

So let us be content with so much as must be mystery, not be discouraged by it,—but regard it as what it is,—the ground of our noblest and most magnificent hopes.

Minot J. Savage.



GOD gives to common people this opportunity of winning on earth souls large enough and good enough to appreciate by and by what heaven is. . . . If you keep up heart in your life of trial, by patience what a soul for God's kingdom may be won!

God in his own gracious Christianity is now ever round about us; our true life is in that divine air and element of being. The one thing needful for us is for our souls to breathe and live again in this all-vitalizing presence and grace of God. We must come into entire, happy harmony with eternal things, or perish.

Newman Smyth.



IMMORTALITY — what a sweet word it is, and what a weighty word! Whilst death is the sworn enemy of the human race and a very king

THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH

of terrors, immortality, as its direct opposite, is but an expression for that which we sigh and long for under the dominion of death.

Man's natural longing for immortality is so strong that they who have no knowledge of God at all, or do not hesitate to deny the existence of God, cannot altogether cut themselves adrift from the hope of a kind of immortality, even if it is as different from the Christian's hope of immortality, as their faith is different from his.

Bishop Lars Nielsen Dahle.



WE believe that the hope of immortality is not to be diminished, but to be glorified. If our lives are hid, they are hid in God. It is a faith of the soul that we cannot go where the Eternal Love will not hold us in its protection and the Eternal Mind illumine us. Our immortality is the immortality of God, whose children we are and from whose endless life we are born. If we lose our lives, it is only that we may find them again in God.

Samuel J. Barrows.



IMMORTALITY is the conscious experience of the essential and indestructible life of the spirit. In the nature of the case it cannot be subjected to

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

scientific tests. When one demands scientific proof of immortality, it is as if he demanded the linear measurement of a principle, or the Troy-weight of an emotion, or the color of an affection; or as if he should insist on finding the human soul with his scalpel or microscope.

Immortality is inseparable from personality. The whole significance of man's nature lies ultimately in its discreetness, in the evolution and persistence of the self-conscious ego.

* * * *

Immortality is necessary to the realization of man's moral ideals. Belief in immortality is necessary to the perpetuation of those ideals, and to save him from falling into utter confusion and despair in view of the inequities of human life. . . . Goodness and blessedness alike are dreams unrealized, and, but for immortality, unrealizable.

* * * *

To the soul that knows God and strives toward the ideals of culture and character which rise in divine beckonings before us, immortality draws in growing reasonableness and attractiveness, grows from a hope into an assurance, and from a serene faith deepens into a conscious experience which time nor death can bring to an end.

Philip S. Moxom.



THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH

WHEN William Blake, the painter-poet, lay dying, he said he was going to that country he had all his life wished to see, and just before he died he burst into singing of the things he saw. It was the passion of a saint, whose heart had long been lifted above the present world; it was the vision of a mystic, whose imagination had long been exercised on the world to come. Few outside the Bible succession have been inspired by the Holy Ghost like him who wrote the Songs of Innocence and illustrated the Epic of Job. But common men share in their measure this instinct of the eternal, this curiosity of the unseen. . . . Amid the pauses of this life, when the doors are closed and the traffic on the streets has ceased, our thoughts travel by an irresistible attraction to the other life. What like will it be, and what will be its circumstances? "God forgive me," said Charles Kingsley, facing death, "but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity." He need not have asked pardon, for he was fulfilling his nature. . . .

Heaven is the noblest imagination of the human heart, and any one who robs this imagination of its august dignity and spiritual splendor has committed a crime.

John Watson (*Ian McLaren*).



THE ground of individual confidence to-day is largely the faith that ages have thought into clearness and lived into character. The indefinable

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but mighty forces of sentiment that have carried mankind into the highest in civilization and into the ideals that are the condition and inspiration of all human progress, rise in the heart of the solitary thinker of to-day. History is a river increasing in volume with every mile of its length, and the tributaries that join it nearer and nearer the sea are taken up and swept onward by a current that grows ever mightier. Belief in immortality will one day become inevitable. Inevitableness of belief is the goal toward which history is moving, and we who live in the present are in the midst of this sublime tendency. Confidence in the increasing world-current is the meaning of taking immortality on trust.

George A. Gordon.



BECAUSE man's mind is keyed to God's mind, the great truths of conscience and beauty, the new heart, the heavenly mansions, the immortal life, the largest truths in the universe slip smoothly and easily into the mind of the waif, the Hottentot, and the slave. . . .

Chiefly is Christ's intellectual supremacy indicated by His view of immortality. In the last hour, looking upward, man gazes not toward an empty throne. He flings his imploring arm not into vacancy, nor does he sob out his confessions into a heaven that is deaf and dumb. Silent indeed seem

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the heavens, but that silence is eloquent with testimony. . . .

This silence in the interests of the preservation of character, taken in connection with a thousand dim hints and suggestions, is eloquent with the testimony regarding the immortal life. Immortality does not depend upon the immediate possession of it now, but it does rest upon the hope of it being begotten in the soul beforehand. By a thousand whisperings Nature intimates immortality for man. Here no universal appetite is without satisfaction. For the eye there is light, for the ear there is melody, for the mind there is boundless truth, for the heart there are rich friendships. In a world where the fin of the fish finds its complement in the water, where the wing of the bird finds its answer in the soft air, man with hunger and thirst for an infinite beauty and truth looks longingly toward immortal shores. What possibilities for the immortal life all untouched! What treasure in the soul all uncovered!

Newell Dwight Hillis.



THE total impression made upon us by the noblest human life is not that of a completed work. It is not Death and the Statue,—Death putting the finishing touches to a masterpiece. It is Death and the Sculptor! The sculptor's eyes are flashing with creative genius, his power is yet un-

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

exhausted, his willing hand is out-stretched. Between the workman and his work Death intervenes. So far and no further, he says: forever and forever the work must remain incomplete. A work abruptly broken off. A marvellous dawn ending in sudden eclipse; a glorious promise unfulfilled. Is this all?

* * * *

*Know, man hath all that Nature hath, but more,
And in that MORE lie all his hopes of good.*

It is with the fate of that something more that we are concerned. Or would it not be truer to say that when we once are deeply persuaded that there is something more that is in its nature spiritual, we cease to be anxiously concerned about its fate. Its essential nature is the best argument for its perpetuity. There is a serene mood that is not impatient for further proof. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Conscious of the divine quality of the human life, one can be content to wait for the things which do not yet appear, and to trust

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
'And all we flow from, soul in soul.

Samuel McChord Crothers.



VI

THE VISION OF THE POET

DOWN from the gardens of Asia descending, radiating,
Adam and Eve appear, then their myriad progeny after them,
Wandering, yearning, curious, with restless explorations,
With questionings, baffled, formless, feverish, with never-happy hearts,
With that sad incessant refrain, Wherefore unsatisfied soul? and Whither O mocking life?
Ah who shall soothe these feverish children?
Who justify these restless explorations?
Who speak the secret of impassive earth?

* * * *

After the seas are all cross'd (as they seem already cross'd),
After the great captains and engineers have accomplish'd their work,
After the noble inventors, after the scientists, the chemist, the geologist, ethnologist,
Finally shall come the poet worthy that name,
The true Son of God shall come singing his songs.
Then not your deeds only O voyagers, O scientists and inventors shall be justified,
All these hearts as of fretted children shall be sooth'd,
All affection shall be responded to, the secret shall be told,
All these separations and gaps shall be taken up and hook'd and link'd together.

* * * *

Nature and Man shall be disjoined and diffused no more,
The true Son of God shall absolutely fuse them.

Walt Whitman.

VI. THE VISION OF THE POET

From AMORETTI



FTER long stormes and tem-
pest's sad assay,
Which hardly I endured hereto-
fore,
In dread of death, and daunger-
ous dismay, [tossed sore;
With which my silly bark was
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arryve: [store
Fayre soyle it seems from far, and fraught with
Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
Most happy he! that can at last atchyve
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect to this;
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

Edmund Spenser.



LINES

(Written the night before his execution)

E'EN such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Sir Walter Raleigh.



SOUL AND BODY

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
(Foil'd by) those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this the body's end?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more: —

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

William Shakespeare.



THE VISION OF THE POET

From THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

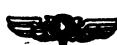
HER only end is never-ending bliss,
Which is, the eternal face of God to see;
Who, last of ends, and first of causes is:
And to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then and dead a soul hath he,
Which thinks his soul doth with his body die:
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
That he might sin with more security?

* * * *

Yet though these men against their conscience
strive,
There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive;
That though they would, they cannot quite be
beasts.

But who so makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himself therein,
His soul's eternity shall clearly find,
Though th' other beauties be defac'd with sin.



Sir John Davies.

DEATH

DEATH, be not proud, though some have callèd
thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so:
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must
flow;

And soonest our best men with thee do go —
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate
men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
As better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou
then?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

John Donne.



BEYOND

O NO! Beloved! I am most sure
These virtuous habits we acquire
As being with the soul entire
Must with it evermore endure.

Else should our souls in vain elect;
And vainer yet were Heaven's laws,
When to an everlasting cause
They give a perishing effect.

THE VISION OF THE POET

These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
These hands again thine hands enfold,
And all chaste blessings can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

For if no sense of use remain
When bodies once this life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?

And if ev'ry imperfect mind
Make love the end of knowledge here,
How perfect will our love be where
All imperfection is refined!

So when from hence we shall be gone,
And be no more nor you or I;
As one another's mystery
Each shall be both, yet both in one.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury.



THE WHITE ISLAND

IN this world, the Isle of Dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting;
But when once from hence we fly,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternity,
 Uniting
In that whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere —
Candor here and lustre there
 Delighting: —
There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all,
 Affrighting;
There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
 Attending
Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you —
And fresh joys, as never too
 Have ending.

Robert Herrick.



From PARADISE LOST

TO whom the Father, without cloud, serene:
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain: all thy request was my decree.
But longer in that Paradise to dwell
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements that know

THE VISION OF THE POET

No gross, no inharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food; as may dispose him best,
For dissolution wrought by sin, the first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd; with happiness
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and, after life,
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Waked in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.

John Milton.



FRIENDS IN PARADISE

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear:—

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

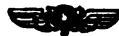
O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may
know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

Henry Vaughan.



THE VISION OF THE POET

CATO'S SOLILOQUY

IT must be so; — Plato, thou reason'st well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
— 'T is the Divinity that stirs within us,
'T is Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
Eternity! — thou pleasing — dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being —
Through what new scenes and changes must we
pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold: — If there's a Power above us
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy:
But — when? — or where? — This world was made
for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures: This must end them.
(Laying his hand upon his sword.)
Thus am I doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Joseph Addison.



From NIGHT THOUGHTS

'T IS immortality — 't is that alone
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill;
That only, and that amply this performs.

Edward Young.



THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

THE VISION OF THE POET

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope.



LIFE

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me 's a secret yet.

* * * *

Life! we 've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear —
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
— Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, — but in some brighter
clime
Bid me Good Morning.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

From the ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
Nor yet in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;

* * * *

At length the Man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

* * * *

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own,
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind;
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her foster child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

* * * *

THE VISION OF THE POET

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
breast; —

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Falling from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

But for those first affections
Those shadowy recollections
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet the master-light of all our seeing:
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake
To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

William Wordsworth.



From THE GRAVE

THE soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day!
The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky.
The soul, immortal as its sire,
 Shall never die!

James Montgomery.



From RELIGIOUS MUSINGS

BELIEVE thou, O my soul,
Life is a vision shadowy of truth;
And vice and anguish and the wormy grave

THE VISION OF THE POET

Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,
And lo! the throne of the redeeming God
Wraps in one light earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

* * * *

Contemplant spirits! ye that hover o'er
With untired gaze th' immeasurable fount
Ebullient with creative Deity!

* * * *

I haply journeying my immortal course
Shall sometime join your mystic choir.

HUMAN LIFE

On the Denial of Immortality

If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But are the whole of being! If the breath
Be life itself, and not its task and tent,
If even a soul like Milton's can know death;
O man! thou purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes!
Surplus of Nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She formed with restless hands unconsciously!
Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy
fears,
The counter-weights! — Thy laughter and thy
tears
Mean but themselves each fittest to create,
And to repay the other! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good?
Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold?
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold
These costly shadows of thy shadowy self?
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!
Thou hast no reason why! Thou can't have none;
Thy being's being is a contradiction.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

EPITAPH

ONLY that which was of earth
Hath perish'd; only that which was infirm,
Mortal, corruptible, and brought with it
The seed connate of death. A place in Time
Is given us, only that we may prepare
Our portion for Eternity: The soul
Possesseth there what treasures for itself,

THE VISION OF THE POET

Wise to salvation, it laid up in Heaven,
O man, take thou this lesson from the Grave!
There too all true affection shall revive,
To fade no more; all losses are restored,
All griefs be heal'd, all holy hopes fulfill'd.

Robert Southey.



IMMORTALITY

AND do our loves all perish with our frames?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give
speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents? — no more? —
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

O, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
“ Man, thou shalt never die!” Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

O, listen ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'T is in the gentle moon-light.
'T is floating in day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:
Night and the dawn, bring day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument are touched
By an unseen, living Hand; the conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee;
The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Richard Henry Dana.



From MANFRED

THE mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good and evil thoughts —
Is its own origin of ill and end —
And its own place and time — its innate sense,
When stripped of this mortality, derives

THE VISION OF THE POET

No color from the fleeting things without;
But is absorbed in sufferance or in joy
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.



From HEBREW MELODIES

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same except in tears —
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light — Eternity.

It must be so; 't is not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Beauty's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs.



From CHILDE HAROLD

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain,
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

And my frame perish even in conquering pain —
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and time, and breathe when I expire.

George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron.



From ADONAI

PEACE! peace! he is not dead, he doth not
sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life —
'T is we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. — *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living
clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

THE VISION OF THE POET

He lives, he wakes — 't is Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais — Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou
 Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst
 thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

* * * *

That Light whose smiles kindle the universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the lost clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling
 throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven:
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Whilst burning through the inmost veil of
Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.



From THANATOPSIS

SO live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.



THE MOTHER'S DREAM

I'D a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
Oh! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep:

THE VISION OF THE POET

Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
Oh! it did not burn;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turn'd about,
“Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn.”

William Barnes.



THE POET'S SIMPLE FAITH

YOU say, “Where goest thou?” I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight,
It cannot go amiss! Before me lies,
Dawn and the Day; the Night behind me; that

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Suffices me: I break the bounds: I see,
And nothing more; believe, and nothing less.
My future is not one of my concerns.



YOU STRAY, MY SOUL

You stray, my soul! whilst gazing on the sky;
The path of duty is the path of life;
Sit by the cold hearth where dead ashes lie;
Put on the captive's chain, endure the strife;
Be but a servant in this realm of night,
 O child of Light!

To lost and wandering feet deliverance bring;
Fulfil the perfect law of suffering;
Drink to the dregs the bitter cup! Remain
In battle last — be first in tears and pain;
Then praying still that much may be forgiven
 Go back to heaven!

Victor Hugo.



From THRENODY

FAIR the soul's recess and shrine,
Magic-built to last a season;
Masterpiece of love benign,
Fairer than expansive reason
Whose omen 't is and sign.

THE VISION OF THE POET

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned —
Saying, *What is excellent*
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again.



From TERMINUS

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
“ Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near
And every wave is charmed.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson.



From AURORA LEIGH

TRUE, a death-heat is
The same as life-heat, to be accurate;
And in all nature is no death at all,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

As men account of death, as long as God
Stands witnessing for life perpetually,
By being just God.

* * * *

The cygnet finds the water; but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element,
And feels out blind at first, disorganized
By sin i' the blood, — his spirit-insight dulled
And crossed by his sensations. Presently
He feels it quicken in the dark sometimes;
When mark; be reverent, be obedient, —
For such dumb motions of imperfect life
Are oracles of vital Deity
Attesting the Hereafter.

FUTURITY

And, O beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye brake off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil, — I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols: and albeit
He brake them to our faces and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white, —

THE VISION OF THE POET

I know we shall behold them, raised complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, — glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



From THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

AND when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah! When shall they all meet again?”
As in the days long since gone by
The ancient time piece makes reply, —
“ Forever — never!
Never — forever!”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —

“ Forever — never!
Never — forever!”



From RESIGNATION

There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call Death.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
 But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



From ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

SCARCELY Hope hath shaped for me
What the future life may be;
Other lips may well be bold,
Like the publican of old,
I can only urge the plea,
“Lord, be merciful to me!”



From SNOWBOUND

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!

THE VISION OF THE POET

Who hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own!



From THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I long for household voices gone,
 For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
 And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
 His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
 But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gift He gave,
 And plead His love for love.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

John Greenleaf Whittier.



From THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.



From the RUBAIYĀT OF OMĀR KHAYYĀM

I SENT my Soul into the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answered "I myself am Heav'n and Hell."

THE VISION OF THE POET

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire
 Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow shapes that come and go
 Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days:
 Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But here or there as strikes the Player goes,
 And He that toss'd you down into the Field
He knows about it all — *He* knows — *HE* knows.

Edward FitzGerald.



From IN MEMORIAM

STRONG Son of God, immortal love
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove



INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

* * * *

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core
And dust and ashes all that is.

* * * *

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likeliest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear —

I falter where I firmly trod;
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God,

THE VISION OF THE POET

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.



Dear Friend, far off, my lost desire
So far, so near in woe and weal;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher.



Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.



Far off thou art, but ever nigh
I have thee still and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.



No longer half-akin to brute
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped and suffered is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.



CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.



THE VISION OF THE POET

From LA SAISIAZ

I CONCEDE the thing refused: henceforth no
certainty more plain
Than this mere surmise that after body dies soul
lives again.
Two, the only facts acknowledged late, are now
increased to three —
God is, and the soul is, and, as certain, after death
shall be.
Put this third to use in life, the time for using fact!

* * * *

Take the joys and bear the sorrows — neither with
extreme concern!
Living here means nescience simply: 't is next life
that helps to learn.
Shut those eyes, next life will open, — stop those
ears, next life will teach
Hearing's office, — close those lips, next life will
give the power of speech!
Or, if action more amuse thee than the passive
attitude,
Bravely bustle through thy being, busy thee for ill
or good,
Reap this life's success or failure! Soon shall
things be unperplexed
And the right or wrong, now tangled, lie unravelled
in the next.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

PROSPICE

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
Though a battle to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
 The best and the last! [forbore,
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
 And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

Robert Browning.

THE VISION OF THE POET

THE OTHER WORLD

IT lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So then, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'T is easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be; —

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently drawn in living arms,
To swoon from that to this: —

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care!

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



A POET'S HOPE

O TIME! O Death! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms
And that wild snow-pile which we call to-morrow;
Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky,
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

THE VISION OF THE POET

I am not earth-born, though I here delay;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,—
If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea.

William Ellery Channing.



From THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

O H may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven.

George Eliot.



WHERE LIES THE LAND?

W HERE lies the land to which the ship would
go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westers rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

Arthur Hugh Clough.



From AGASSIZ

BUT such was not his faith,
Nor mine: it may be he had trod
Outside the plain old path of *God thus spoke*,
But God to him was very God,
And not a visionary wraith
Skulking in murky corners of the mind,
And he was sure to be
Somehow, somewhere, imperishable as He,
Not with His essence mystically combined,
As some high spirits long, but whole and free,
A perfected and conscious Agassiz.



THE VISION OF THE POET

From PALINODE

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
Though thou in outer dark remain;
One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
And still, for eighteen centuries saith,
Softly,—“*Auf Wiedersehen!*”

If earth another grave must bear,
Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
And something whispers my despair,
That from an orient chamber there,
Floats down, “*Auf Wiedersehen!*”

James Russell Lowell.



PARADISI GLORIA

“*O frate mio! ciascuna è cittadina
D' una vera città.*” . . .

THERE is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our time
By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
 Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
 To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,
 Musical motion, the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
 Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

Thomas William Parsons.



FRONTING DEATH

NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled
sphere;
I see heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God, within my breast
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life, that in me has rest,
As I — undying life — have power in thee.

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts; unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idle froth amid the boundless main.

THE VISION OF THE POET

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast thine infirmity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in thee.

There is not room for Death,
No atom that his might could render void;
Thou — thou art Being, Breath,
And what thou art may never be destroyed.

Emily Brontë.
(Her last poem.)



From the SONG OF MYSELF

WHAT do you think has become of the young
and old men?
And what do you think has become of the women
and children?
They are alive and well somewhere,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does
 not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.
All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one sup-
 posed, and luckier.

* * * *

I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a
 carpenter's compass,
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut
 with a burnt stick at night.

* * * *

And whether I come to my own to-day or in ten
 thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheer-
 fulness I can wait.

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.

* * * *

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on
 perfect terms,
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I
 pine will be there.

* * * *

THE VISION OF THE POET

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd
at the crowded heaven,
And I said to my spirit *When we become the en-*
folders of those orbs, and the pleasure and
knowledge of everything in them, shall we
be fill'd and satisfied then?
And my spirit said *No, we but level that lift to*
pass and continue beyond.

From BIRDS OF PASSAGE

All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and
certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual
images ripening.

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold
not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

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And if ever there was it led forward life, and does
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 with a burnt stick at night.

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* * * *

THE VISION OF THE POET

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd
at the crowded heaven,

And I said to my spirit *When we become the en-folders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?*

And my spirit said *No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond.*



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The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.



INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

From TO THINK OF TIME

The earth is not an echo, man and his life and all the
things of his life are well consider'd.
You are not thrown to the winds, you gather cer-
tainly and safely around yourself,
Yourself! yourself! yourself, for ever and ever!



ASSURANCES

I need no assurance. I am a man who is preoccu-
pied of his own soul;
I do not doubt that from under the feet and beside
the hands and face that I am cognizant of, are
now looking faces I am not cognizant of, calm
and actual faces,
I do not doubt but the majesty and beauty of the
world are latent in any iota of the world,
I do not doubt I am limitless, and that the universes
are limitless, in vain I try to think how limitless,
I do not doubt that the orbs and the systems of orbs
play their swift sports through the air on pur-
pose, and that I shall one day be eligible to
do as much as they and more than they,
I do not doubt that temporary affairs keep on and
on millions of years,
I do not doubt interiors have their interiors, and ex-
terior have their exterior, and that the eye-
sight has another eyesight, and the hearing,
and the voice another voice,

THE VISION OF THE POET

I do not doubt that the passionately-wept deaths of young men are provided for, and that the deaths of young women and the deaths of little children are provided for,
(Did you think Life was so well provided for, and Death, the purport of all Life, is not well provided for?)
I do not doubt that wrecks at sea, no matter whose wife, child, husband, father, lover, has gone down, are provided for, to the minutest points,
I do not doubt that whatever can possibly happen anywhere at any time, is provided for in the inherences of things,
I do not think life provides for all and for Time and Space, but I believe Heavenly Death provides for all.

Walt Whitman.



IMMORTALITY.

FOIL'D by our fellow-men, depress'd, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And *Patience!* in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down and we upborne.
And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor routed leavings? or will they,
Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervors of the heavenly morn?

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

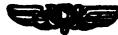
No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength, advancing — only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.



From RUGBY CHAPEL

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour house vast
Of being, is practised that strength
Zealous, beneficent, firm.
Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live.

Matthew Arnold.



THE CITY OF GOD

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

THE VISION OF THE POET

One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
 One King Omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

How gleam thy watchfires through the night,
 With never fainting ray;
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
 The Eternal City stands.

Samuel Johnson.



“THALATTA! THALATTA!”

Cry of the Ten Thousand

I STAND upon the summit of my years;
Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the strife,
The wandering and the desert; vast, afar,
Beyond this weary way, behold! the Sea!
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.
Palter no question of the dim Beyond;
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest,
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care.
Eternity! — Deliverance, Promise, Course!
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

Joseph Brownlee Brown.



NEARER HOME

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!



THE VISION OF THE POET

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

Phoebe Cary.



SUDDEN LIGHT

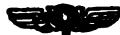
I HAVE been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,—
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turn'd so,
Some veil did fall, — I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our love restore

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?
Dante Gabriel Rossetti.



THAT LIGHT

THAT light
Fringing the far hills, all so fair, so fair,
Is it not dawn? I 'm dying, but 't is dawn.
"Upon the mountains I behold the feet
Of my beloved; let us forth to meet" —
Death.
This is death, I see the light no more;
I sleep,
But like a morning bird my soul
Springs singing upward, into the deeps of heaven,
Through world on world to follow Infinite Day.

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.



From EVEN SO

DEATH is delightful, Death is dawn,
The waking from a weary night
Of fevers unto truth and light.

* * * *

Therefore I say, Look up; therefore
I say, One little star has more
Bright gold than all the earth of earth.
Yet must we labor, plant to reap, —

THE VISION OF THE POET

Life knows no folding up of hands,—
Must plough the soul, as ploughing lands,
In furrows fashioned strong and deep.
Life has its lesson. Let us learn
The hard long lesson from the birth,
And be content; stand breast to breast
And bear and battle till the rest.

Joaquin Miller.



IN HARBOR

I THINK it is over, over,
I think it is over at last:
Voices of foemen and lover,
The sweet and the bitter have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean
Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
There 's but a faint sobbing seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over! over!
For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace,
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release!

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
 Which bides in the harbor at last,—
For the lights with their welcoming quiver
That throbs through the sanctified river,
 Which girdle the harbor at last,
 This heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over,
 I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
 For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
 Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward;
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
 Those lights in the harbor at last,
 The heavenly harbor at last!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.



UP-HILL

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From morn to night, my friend.

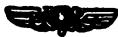
THE VISION OF THE POET

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.



From AT LAST

BUT all lost things are in the angels' keeping,
Love;
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping, Love;
The years of heaven with all earth's little pain
 Make good,
Together there we can begin again
 In babyhood,

Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H.").

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

From AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA

FAREWELL, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepp'd
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,— for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
View'd from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! Yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

Edwin Arnold.



THE VISION OF THE POET

THE MIRACLE OF EVERY DAY

LIFE is the miracle of every day,
Wonder of morning, mystery of night,
A beam reflected from an unseen light,
A tide that bears us on an unknown way;
A dream of beauty, when the early ray
Opens a new world to our wondering sight,
A toil and warfare as the hours take flight,
A lonely watch in evening's solemn gray.
"And every living thing shall perish," saith
The voice of Sorrow; "Therefore, are we blind,
And only know that we are born to die."
"This cannot be," replies exultant Faith,
"Life is divine! In death we leave behind
The mortal part of immortality."

Frances L. Mace.



THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

FOREVER am I conscious, moving here,
That should I step a little space aside,
I pass the boundary of some glorified
Invisible domain — it lies so near!
Yet nothing know we of that dim frontier
Which each must cross, whatever fate betide,
To reach the heavenly cities where abide
(Thus Sorrow whispers) those that were most dear,
Now all transfigured in celestial light.
Shall we indeed behold them, thine and mine,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Whose going hence made black the noonday sun?
Strange is it that across the narrow night
They fling us not some token, or make sign
That all beyond is not Oblivion.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



PLUS ULTRA

FAR beyond the sunrise and the sunset rises
Heaven, with worlds on worlds that lighten and
respond:
Thought can see not thence the goal of hope's sur-
mises
Far beyond.

Night and day have made an everlasting bond
Each with each to hide in yet more deep disguises
Truth, till souls of men that thirst for truth de-
spond.

All that man in pride of spirit slight or prizes,
All the dreams that make him fearful, fain or
fond,
Fade at forethought's touch of life's unknown sur-
prises
Far beyond.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE VISION OF THE POET

LUX EST UMBRA DEI

NAY, Death, thou art a shadow! Even as light
Is but the shadow of invisible God,
And of that shade the shadow is thin Night,
Veiling the earth whereon our feet have trod;
So art Thou but the shadow of this life,
Itself the pale and unsubstantial shade
Of living God, fulfill'd by love and strife
Throughout the universe Himself hath made:
And as frail Night, following the flight of earth,
Obscures the world we breathe in, for a while,
So Thou, the reflex of our mortal birth,
Veilest the life wherein we weep and smile:
But when both earth and life are whirl'd away,
What shade can shroud us from God's deathless
day?

John Addington Symonds.



From NAPOLEON FALLEN

DEATH is to us a semblance and an end,
But it is as nothing to that Central Law
Whereby we cannot die.

Robert Buchanan.



INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

THE FUTURE

WHAT may we take into the vast Forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling: in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here:
No word came with our coming, to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless Night before us,
Naked we glide:
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,
Our footsteps fare:
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow —
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

Edward Rowland Sill.

THE VISION OF THE POET CONFIDED

A NOTHER lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,
Within this quiet fold,
Among Thy Father's sheep
I lay to sleep!
A heart that never for a night did rest
Beyond its mother's breast.
Lord, keep it close to Thee,
Lest waking it should bleat and pine for me!

John Banister Tabb.



SOUL, WHEREFORE FRET THEE?

SOUL, wherefore fret thee? Striving still to throw
Some light upon the primal mystery
Through rolling ages pondered ceaselessly,
Whence thou hast come, and whither thou shalt go!
Some deepest, secret voice gives thee to know
How, older than created earth and sea,
Thou hast been ever, shalt forever be,—
Unborn — undying! Thy own life doth show,
Yester, to-day, to-morrow, but a chain
Of dusky pearls, whereof we seek in vain
End or beginning, though perchance the one
We call To-day gleams whitest in the sun.
Ay, Soul, thy very Self is unto thee
Immortal pledge of Immortality!

Gertrude Bloede ("Stuart Sterne").

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

LIFE AND DEATH

O YE who see with other eyes than ours,
And speak with tongues we are too deaf to
hear,
Whose touch we cannot feel yet know ye near,
When, with a sense of yet undreamed-of powers,
We sudden pierce the cloud of sense that lowers,
Enwrapping us as 't were our spirit's tomb,
And catch some sudden glory through the gloom,
As Arctic sufferers dream of sun and flowers!
Do ye not sometimes long for power to speak
To our dull ears, and pierce their shroud of clay,
With a loud cry, "Why, this grief at 'death'?"
We are the living, you the dead to-day!
This truth you soon shall see, dear hearts, yet weak,
In God's bright mirror cleared from mortal
breath!"

Lilla Cabot Perry.



THOU LIVEST, O SOUL!

THOU livest, O Soul! be sure, though earth be
flames,
Though lost be all the paths the planets trod,
Thou hast not aught to do with signs and names,
With Life's false art or Time's brief period.
Thy being wast ere yet the heavens were not,
Gently thy breath the waves of ether stirred,
And often hast thou feared and oft forgot,

THE VISION OF THE POET

Yet knew thyself when rang the potent Word.
Long hast thou played at change through chain on
chain
Of beings, drooping now in strange descent,
Now adding bloom to bloom and beauty's gain,
Through subtle growths of glory evident.
O earnest play, thyself apart oft smilest,
One still at heart, that so thyself beguilest.

Charles Leonard Moore.



WAITING

A S little children in a darkened hall
At Christmas-tide await the opening door,
Eager to tread the fairy haunted floor
About the tree with goodly gifts for all,
And in the dark unto each other call —
Trying to guess their happiness before
Or of their elders eagerly implore
Hints of what fortune unto them may fall;
So wait we in Time's dim and narrow room,
And with strange fancies, or another's thought,
Try to divine, before the curtain rise,
The wondrous scene. Yet soon shall fly the gloom
And we shall see what patient ages sought,
The Father's long-planned gift of Paradise.

Charles H. Crandall.

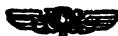
INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

From NON OMNIS MORIAR

THREE is a part of me that knows
Beyond incertitude and fear
I shall not perish when I pass
Beyond mortality's frontier;

But greatly having joyed and grieved,
Greatly content, shall hear the sigh
Of the strange wind across the lone
Bright lands of taciturnity.

Bliss Carman.



From QUATRAINS

WE Rail at Time and Chance, and break our
hearts
To make the glory of to-day endure.
Is the sun dead because the day departs?
And are the suns of Life and Love less sure?

*From the Death Song of
TALIESIN*

Joy, joy, joy in the height and the deep;
Joy like the joy of a leaf that unfolds to the
sun;
Joy like the joy of a child in the borders of sleep;
Joy like the joy of a multitude thrilled into one;

THE VISION OF THE POET

Under the teeth that clench and the eyes that weep,
Deeper than discord or doubt or desire or wrong,
One with the wills that sow and the Fates that reap,
Joy in the heart of the world like a peal of song.

Stir in the dark of the stars unborn that desire
Only the thrill of a wild, dumb force set free,
Yearn of the burning heart of the world on fire
For life and birth and battle and wind and sea,
Groping of life after love till the spirit aspire,
Into Divinity ever transmuting the clod,
Higher and higher and higher and higher and
higher
Out of the Nothingness world without end into
God.

Man from the blindness attaining the succor of
sight,
God from his glory descends to the shape we can
see;
Life, like a moon, is a radiant pearl in the night
Thrilled with his beauty to beacon o'er forest and
sea;
Life like a sacrifice laid on the altar, delight
Kindles as flame from the air to be fire at its core!
Joy, joy, joy in the deep and the height!
Joy in the holiest, joy evermore, evermore!

Richard Hovey.



INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

IN PATRIS MEMORIAM

GREAT men of science say we vainly dream
When hoping for a life beyond this soil,
Or that reward will crown our ceaseless toil;
They say "we do not know." And it doth seem
To these revealers of Earth's mighty scheme
A poorer faith to trust, than to recoil
From hope unproved. They hold, in life's turmoil,
To wait at peace, though blind, the hour supreme.

In doubt I mused on one whom Death had claimed.
Now, when I die, he may not welcome me
I sighed . . . Across my brain a mean thought
brushed,
A buzzing petty thing I swiftly shamed,
For suddenly I *knew* his soul was free
To read my thought, and in the dark I blushed.

Eliza Boyle O'Reilly.



LIFE AND DEATH

STONGER than life is death, for all things
die.
Stronger than death is life, for death is nought.
Life, — what is life? A flash that streaks the sky.
Death, — what is death? A name, a haunting
thought.

THE VISION OF THE POET

Stronger than life is death, for death subdues
Life's flaring torchlight with its argent rays.
Stronger than death is life, for life renews
Through death the fire springs of its vanished days.
Stronger than life is love, for love's warm breath
Kindles and keeps aglow life's myriad fires.
Stronger than death is love, for love through death
Kindles a larger life when life expires.
Life, — what is life? Love's foreglow in the skies.
Death,—what is death? Love dawning on our eyes.

Edmond Holmes.



LAUS MORTIS

NAY, why should I fear Death,
Who gives us life, and in exchange takes breath?

He is like cordial Spring
That lifts above the soil each buried thing;

Like Autumn, kind and brief —
The frost that chills the branches frees the leaf;

Like Winter's stormy hours
That spread their fleece of snow to save the flowers;

The lordliest of all things! —
Life lends us only feet, Death gives us wings.

Fearing no covert thrust,
Let me walk onward, armed in valiant trust —

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Dreading no unseen knife,
Across Death's threshold step from life to life!

O all ye frightened folk,
Whether ye wear a crown or bear a yoke,

Laid in one equal bed,
When once your coverlet of grass is spread,

What daybreak need you fear? —
The Love will rule you there that guides you here.

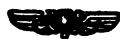
Where Life, the sower, stands,
Scattering the ages from his swinging hands,

Thou waitest, Reaper lone,
Until the multitudinous grain hath grown.

Scythebearer, when thy blade
Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid.

God's husbandman thou art,
In His unwithering sheaves O bind my heart!

Frederic Lawrence Knowles.



THE ETERNAL SELF

THIS earth is but a semblance and a form —
An apparition poised in boundless space;
This life we live so sensible and warm
Is but a dreaming in a sleep that stays

THE VISION OF THE POET

About us from the cradle to the grave.
Things seen are as inconstant as a wave
That must obey the impulse of the wind;
So in this strange communicable being
There is a higher consciousness confined —
But separate and divine, and foreseeing.

Our bodies are but garments made of clay
That is a smothering weight upon the soul —
But as the sun conquering a cloudy day,
Our spirits penetrate to Source and Goal.
That intimate and hidden quickening
Bestowing sense and color with the Spring,
Is felt and known and seen in the design
By unsubstantial Self within the portal
Of this household of flesh, that doth confine
A part of the universally immortal.

Beyond the prison of our hopes and fears,
Beyond the undertow of passion's sea,
And stronger than the strength earth holds in years,
Lives man's subconscious personality.
O world withheld! seen through the hazy drift
Of this twilight of flesh, when sleep shall lift
I shall go forth my own true self at last,
And glory in the triumph of my winning
The road that joins the Future and the Past,
Where I can reach the Ending and Beginning!

William Stanley Braithwaite.

*I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street —*

*That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;*

*That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain;*

*That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led, —*

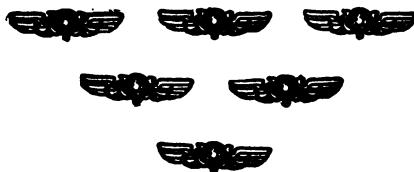
*Yet if we will one guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day;*

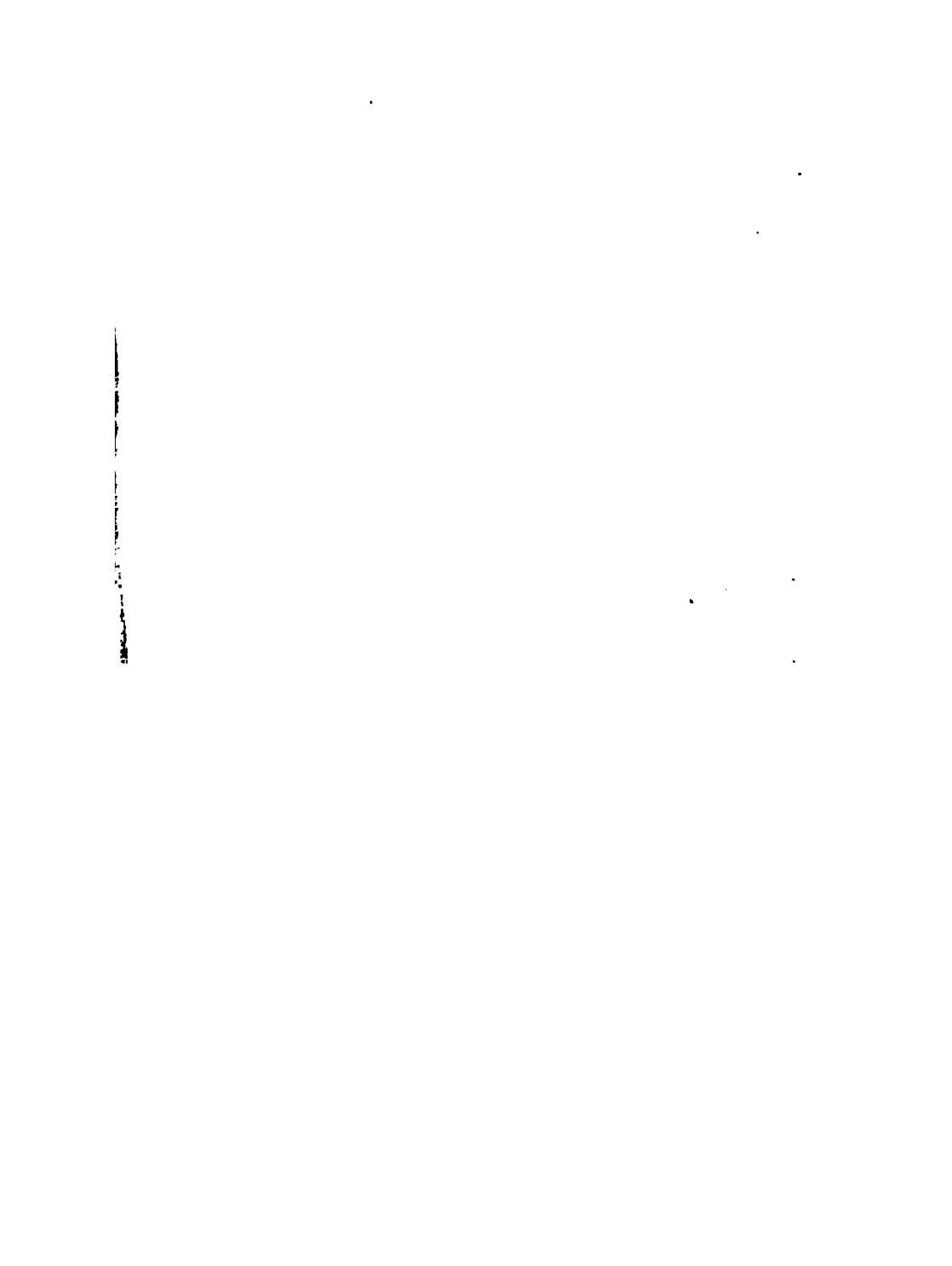
*And we on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.*

Archbishop Trench.

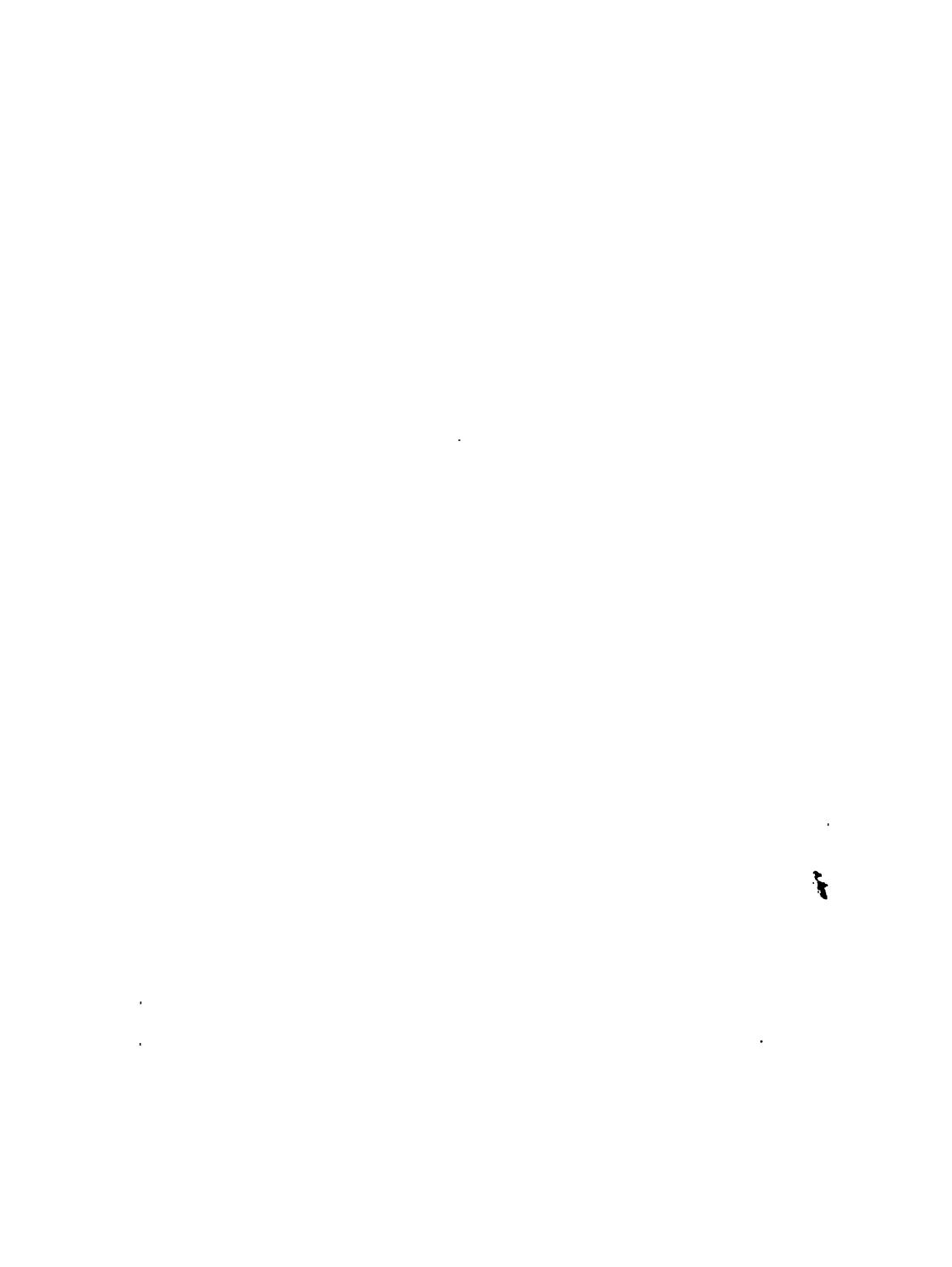
AND because the beginning and source being found, namely God, there is nothing further to be sought,—since he is Alpha and Omega, that is the beginning and the end,—this treatise terminates in God, who is blessed forever.

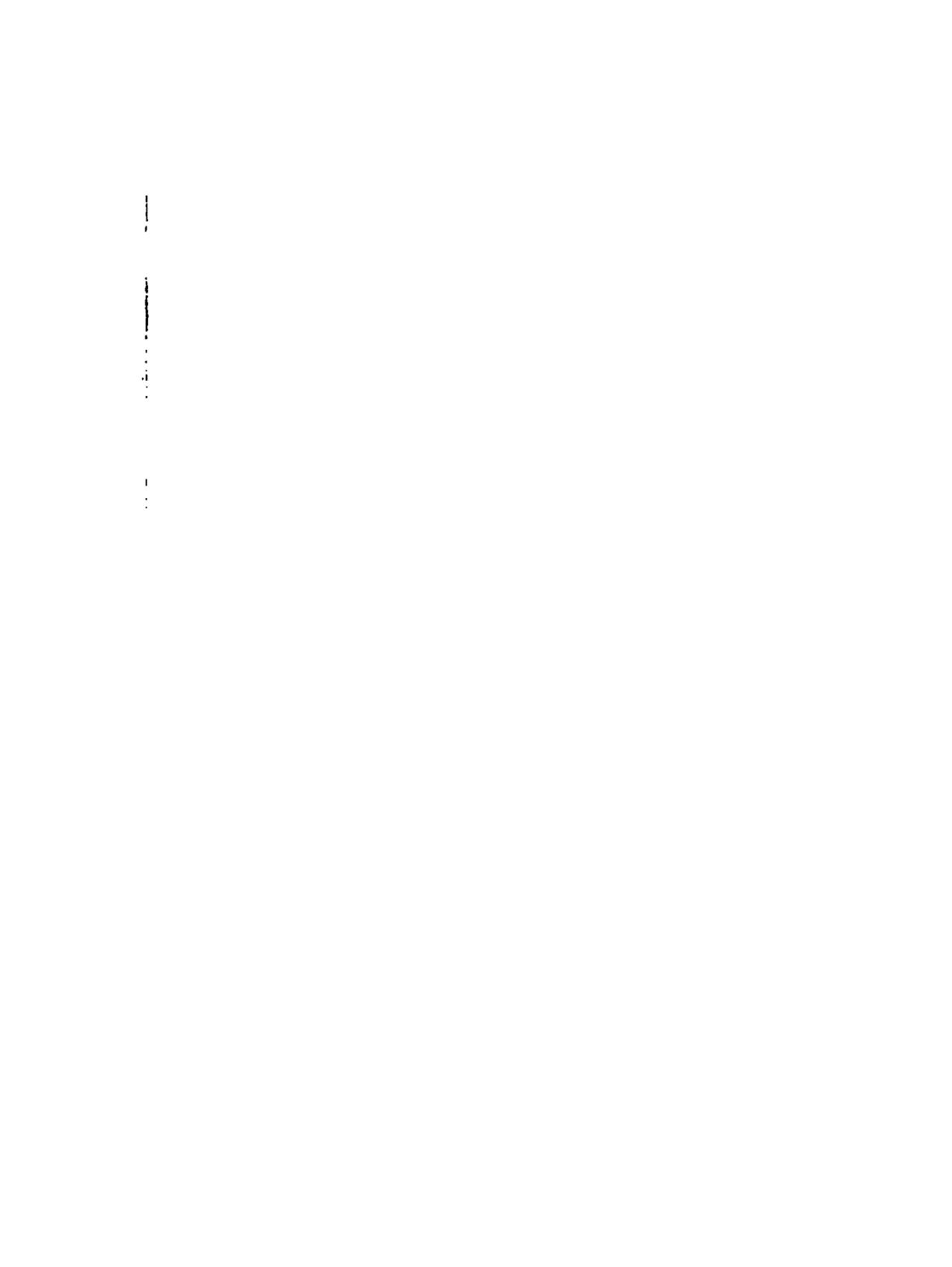
Dante.











JUN 11 1943

